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THE ANALECTA

Vol. 23.

May, 1938.

No. 1

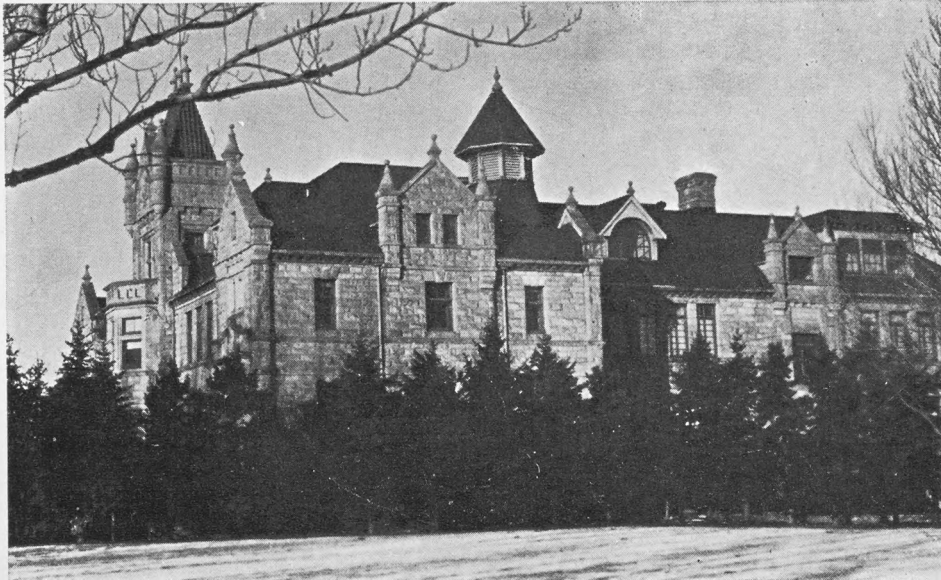
Published by the Students of
CENTRAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE
Calgary, Alberta, Canada.



Our Motto Lux Sit

Our Colors Purple and Gold

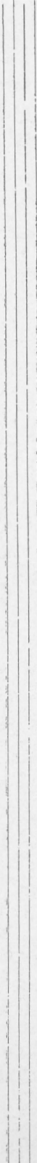
Central Collegiate Institute





DEDICATION


This, our 23rd* Year Book, published at a time when people are becoming sport conscious, is dedicated to the World of Sport in the hope that this common bond will unite all nations in closer fellowship.





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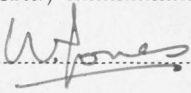
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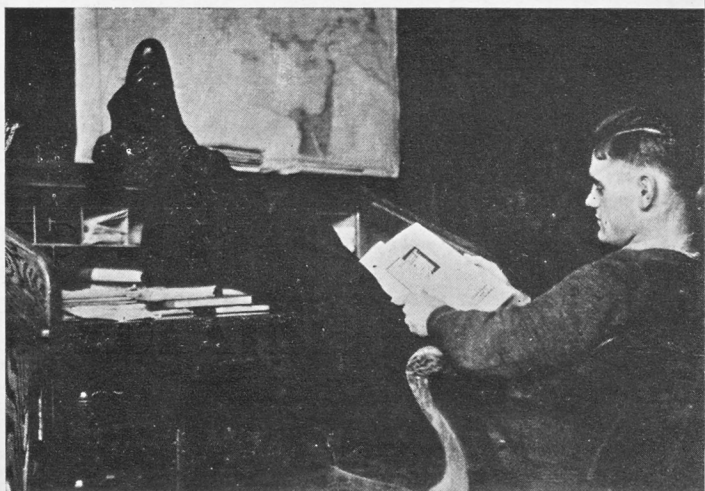
IN MEMORIAM

MARJORIE FOLEY

It seems incredible that that loveable, laughing lassie should be with us no more—but God willed it so. He sent her here to teach us the true meaning of sweetness and unselfishness—now that she has completed that mission—short though it may have been—she has gone back Home, from whence she came. All of us who loved her will not soon forget the deep wound that her passing away has left. But her friends and parents may be somewhat healed by knowing that she is happier where she is.

"Nothing can ever take away
The love a heart holds dear,
Fond memories linger every day,
Remembrance keeps her near."

EDITORIALS
AND
SCHOLARSHIPS



THE FIRST ANALECTA—JUNE, 1911

In the fall of 1908 the Echo, the Analecta's parent, was first published. This fortnightly paper appeared in the Literary Society under the editorship of Robert Hall. For two years it grew with real Western rapidity until in 1911 it gained the dignity of a printed edition.

This first Analecta appeared in a dark grey cover with an elaborate and much bescribbled cover design bearing the challenge "Advance." Its fifty pages were divided among the following sections; Literary, Sports, Society, Clubs, Contributions, Exchange, and Wit and Humor. Its staff consisted of:

Supervisor—Mr. W. G. Carpenter.

Editor-in-chief—C. W. Newcomb.

Business Managers—Roy Black, Noble Black and Assistant Editors, Reporters and Artists. In between the lines on its already yellowing pages we read of that flaming school-spirit that we have inherited.

Many Analectas have been published since then, sometimes once, and sometimes twice a year.

It is our sincere hope that each edition of this embodiment of our unwavering school-spirit may be just a little better than its predecessor.

Let the Analecta take as its motto that inscription on Volume One—Number One "Advance."



STAFF CHANGES

There have been several changes in the personnel of the Central High School staff during the past year. Last summer, Mr. Thorlakson was granted a year's leave of absence by the Calgary School Board in order to give him the opportunity of taking a special course in dramatics at Northwestern University, Chicago. His position on the staff faculty has been filled by Miss J. W. Maxwell, B.A., a specialist in French and Dramatics, and formerly a member of the Western Canada High School staff. While at Central, Mr. Thorlakson worked with a number of the School Clubs, frequently directing the activities of the Dramatic Club which last year had the proud distinction of taking second prize in the City Festival. In former years, when the Readers' Club and the Spokes Club were active, he was interested in their progress and organization.

Mrs. Arthur, our study-room supervisor for the past four years, resigned last summer, her place being taken by Miss E. M. Sampson, B.A. of Regina, who, besides being our new librarian and study-room supervisor is taking an active interest in the school life.

We wish the best of luck and happiness to those who left us last year—and we extend a hearty welcome to the new members of our staff.



NAMES

Our school has had some four names and nick-names during its existence. When the school was founded in 1908, the name bestowed on it was Central Collegiate Institute, which the students promptly shortened to C. C. I. Another name, the least known and which cannot be properly applied to the school is "Sleepy Hollow." This appellation was first used in connection with the old High School on Seventh Avenue East by some imaginative

NAMES—Continued.

student, and when quarters were moved to this building the name more or less came too. As Central Collegiate Institute we have been known for many years, but in one of the acts of the last government a definition of a High School was given and not that of a Collegiate Institute. Therefore, rather than leave us nameless, the officials gave us the name Central High School. It was changed on the books, yes, but in the hearts of the students, no. And although it may not be recognized as official, the name we like best and will remember longest is "Central Collegiate Institute".



OUR LIBRARY

One of the interesting corners in our rambling old school is the library in the spare-room. There has been a library here for several years but little interest was taken in it until the options in the new curriculum came into effect.

The library, started many years ago, now contains nearly eight hundred books. About sixty of these are on loan from the Public Library. Dr. A. M. Scott, former superintendent of High Schools, has contributed many of the books, while members of the school staff are responsible for some of the others. Besides a number of books bearing on Social Studies, fifty new ones were obtained this season. Several hundred more books will not only be welcomed but really needed in the future.

All subjects are at least partially covered by our library. At present it serves the school fairly well, but with the expansion of our new curriculum the library must keep pace. Although the new books this year enable the library to take care of present demands, the growing requirements will make development necessary.

Mr. Calhoun of the Calgary Public Library once stated, "We have a great number of books, but a library is never complete or entirely up to date." He explained that the clipping files are the only means of keeping a library a completely modern information bureau. It is with this interesting and useful work that Miss Sampson occupies her spare time. Her clipping file, growing rapidly, supplies the students with material on even the most recent current events. Orals, too, may be easily prepared from information gleaned from Miss Sampson's files.

We said that the library is interesting. Miss Sampson informs us that it not only interests us but most of the school as well. She pointed out that although many of the students read only the "blood and thunder" fiction, the great majority are genuinely interested in the entire library. The Current Events Club is constantly consulting her files, while ardent debaters can usually be satisfied as well. Questions outside the school realm can easily be answered from the various useful books on hand.

Miss Sampson claims that a library such as ours makes the students think for themselves. She digs out all the clippings and books on the matter in question and then makes the student develop his own material. Miss Sampson does not believe in "spoon-feeding," but is always willing to co-operate. She is very rapidly becoming a favorite at Central, and is ready to assist in our problems, and to share in our recreations. We are glad that our library is in such competent hands.

SCHOLARSHIPS

ROY JONES—Four Year Engineering Scholarship at the University of Montana (world wide). Reuben Leonard Scholarship—Ridley College.

GENA SPEAKMAN—Mount Royal College Scholarship, \$100. Presented to the student taking a University course who had the highest standing in Grade XII.

TED JONES—McGill University Entrance Matriculation Scholarship—Entrance Bursary, \$125, and a Residence Bursary, \$300 (renewable annually if holder merits it). Sir William MacDonald Scholarship in Arts and Science.

MARY WATSON—Women's University Entrance Scholarship (Alberta)—\$100.

NEVILLE PETTS—R. B. Bennett Scholarship — \$100. Open to all Grade XII boys in the City.

BESSIE SIDORSKY—R. B. Bennett Scholarship—\$100. Open to all Grade XI girls in the City. University Matriculation Scholarship (Alberta).

TED PULLEYBLANK—R. B. Bennett Scholarship, Grade Ten—\$50.00.

WINNIFRED GREY — McKillop Scholarship — \$25. Awarded to the best Grade XI student in the school.

HARRY DELANE — R. B. Bennett Scholarship, Grade Nine—\$50.00.

MARY LOUISE SMITH — R. B. Bennett Scholarship, Grade Ten—\$50.00.



On Friday, November 15th, 1937, the senior students of C.C.I. gathered in the Assembly Hall to witness the presentation of scholarships by the Rt. Hon. R. B. Bennett. This year, Central students won ten scholarships. To those who have brought this honor to our school, we extend our heartiest congratulations. And to Mr. Bennett, who both in this and previous years has given the time to present the scholarships, we give our heartfelt thanks and appreciation.



VALEDICTORY

Another year has quietly slipped by. This time it has brought to many of us the fulfilment of another objective in life—graduation. Once again we, the graduating class, will eagerly yet lingeringly leave the cherished halls and class-rooms of C.C.I., leaving more echoes and memories to mingle with those who have in the years past, walked, talked and laughed in these halls. We, as they, stand once more at the threshold of a new and vast stage of life.

The days and years at school have rushed by quickly. Like a breath of wind they have passed away never to pass by again. The long procession of teachers and school-years stand as a maze of intricate weaving—each woven in and bound up with each other. And our future years will always with unbreakable ties be bound with our school-years. Everything with which we have come into contact has had an influence on us, has become part of us. School has stamped an indelible mark on our characters. We have caught a glimpse of the infinite treasures of knowledge; and the little we have learned has stirred our deepest desires and thirst for more knowledge. Our outlook on life has been enlarged and broadened. We can now see and appreciate a glimpse of the truly great and beautiful things of life. Not only our teachers but even fellow-classmates have wrought and tempered our lives. Gradually, imperceptibly have they moulded us—not the exterior and outward appearance—but inwardly and deep down as far as the soul.

The vessel of life lies ready to take us on her swift current. Sometimes it will be smooth; at others rocky and gloomy. School has given us the strong and lasting foundation. On that we must build the structure. Life is short—we hear these words, yet cannot grasp their meaning. The sun goes down, the moon comes up, unheeding man's impatient cry, "Whither so fast?" Though we cannot hope to know and achieve all we desire—some noble work may be done in the short span of our lives. And whatever true and noble work we accomplish will be built on this foundation of the lessons we have learned and the influence we have received in school.

To you who follow in our ranks we leave the happy hours, pleasant companionship, exciting sports, and the infinite treasures of knowledge to discover.

There is work behind treasure gained. But there is joy in achievement!

—Bessie Sidorsky.

GRADUATES



BOB WAYNE—Got his start in Sudbury, Ontario, in 1920. Spends most of his time joking with MacDonald. Noted for his ability to create a disturbance at the back of the room.

DOROTHY HAMMOND—First giggled in High River in 1920, and has been laughing ever since. An active member of the Hi-Y, Dramatic and Badminton Clubs. Aspires to be a great actress.

ANGUS McKINNON—The busiest boy in Room 4. Goes to a lot of trouble for the old school and is Business Manager for the Analecta. Very partial to blondes.

DOROTHY CARMICHAEL—First saw in Calgary in 1919. Finds school boring and fears she will have to attend Normal next year—would rather be an aviatrix. Plays a fiddle in the school orchestra.

DON DYSON—"Dynamite" first made an explosion in Edmonton in 1919 and he is still blowing up experiments in the Chem. Lab. Spends his spare time skiing at Banff. A Photography Editor for the Analecta.

BETTY FOWLER—Made her first big noise at Wainwright in 1920. A peppy miss who keeps her neighbors on the jump. Plays Badminton and shines (?) at Physics. Owes her good health to her friends' sense of humor.

DON DONSON—A native of Toronto, 1920. Seems to spend most of his time conversing with his neighbors. His ambition is to be a doctor.

VERNESS RIDGWAY—Skied into Calgary 18 years ago. Only comes in the mornings and shares a desk with Eleanor. A small and popular blonde often seen with Nora. An active member of the Hi-Y.

BILL ANDREWS—First disturbed the peace of Calgary in 1920, and now he succeeds in disturbing it in Comp. and Algebra periods. A teacher of the art of whispering.

GLADYS HELLAND—Was left in Medicine Hat in 1919. This is her first year at Central and she only comes part time. Seems to have her troubles in Biology along with the rest of us.

DAWN FAIRBAIRN—Created a disturbance in Morrin in 1919. A star on both Senior Rugby and Hockey Teams. President of the Boy's Hi-Y and Gamma Phi. Says all girls are gold-diggers . . . but . . .

MARION KING—Arrived in Regina, Sask. in 1920. Plays Basketball and Badminton, and completes the Willox, Fowler and King trio. Has lots of fun at school and likes to exchange news items with Betty in Chem. period.





HOWARD IRWIN—Dropped down a Winnipeg chimney in 1920. An ad. collector for the Analecta. Is fascinated by homework—he can sit and look at it for hours.

LESLIE AVERY—First smiled in Calgary in 1920. Likes school and is a brilliant student, but finds time to talk with her neighbors—especially Yvonne. Believes that little girls should be seen and not heard.

SAM COHEN—Became a native of Winnipeg in 1919. Noted for his ability to not shave twice a week. Seems to spend his time being shifted from one vacant seat to another.

MARION DYSON—A blonde miss who greeted Edmonton in 1921. Is President of the Dramatic Club, Secretary of the Hi-Y and a Photography Editor for the Analecta. A promising young actress.

GEORGE ADLAM—Born in Calgary in 1920. Is a source of homework for surrounding students. A strong, silent man with wavy red hair. Belongs to the Dramatic Club.

ELSIE FREEMAN—Born in Calgary in 1920. This quiet student comes to school to work. She plays the piano well and hopes for a musical career.

ALEC SHAPIRO—First opened his mouth right here in Calgary in 1921. Would be very glad to lend his homework if he had it done. Pals around with Cohen and Stearne.

RUBY DIAL—First twinkled those dark eyes in 1919 near Brandon, Man. Seems to find school interesting and is often seen with Jean and Joyce. We don't hear much from her.

JACK STABBACK—Increased the population of Gleichen by one, 18 years ago. Spends his spare time gazing at the girls. Wonders why Trig. is such a puzzle.

ANN ROGINSKY—Landed in Calgary in 1920. She is Room 4's chatter-box, and a favorite (?) with the teachers. Finds time to argue with her neighbors and is often seen with Bessie. Hopes to become a kindergarten teacher.

ALBERT HAYNES—An Englishman who arrived in Liverpool in 1921. "Squire" is one of our star students. He wouldn't trade that front seat for anything.

JEANNETTE FARMAN—Started to grow right here in Calgary in 1921. Is an enthusiastic Badminton player and is often seen talking to Marion and Betty. Is open to suggestions for a career.

MURRAY HALL—Started out in life right here in Calgary. Has a good time at school in spite of many detentions. Noted for his jokes.

MARGARET WILLOX—Increased Calgary's population in 1920. Is a member of the Students' Council, President of the Badminton Club, and a member of Kappa Gamma. Plays Senior Basketball and still finds time for homework.

MARCEL GOULD—Appeared in the birth notices right here in Calgary 18 years ago. An outstanding student even if he doesn't do his own Latin. Will support any organization that has an anti-work slogan.

GWEN VARCOE—Left on a Calgary doorstep in 1918. Her dark eyes and hair are the envy of many of the co-eds. Is an active member of the P.B.Z. Only comes in the mornings.

JOE DUTTON—Made the birth notices of Somerset, England, in 1919. A member of the Boy's Hi-Y and the Kappa Kappa Tau. An asset to the Senior Hockey Team.

HELEN BRIED—Left in Calgary by the stork in 1920. Plays Senior Basketball and enjoys skating and skiing. Her ambition is to be with Nature—will probably be a mountain guide.

BILL MacPHERSON—Arrived in Kenora, Ontario, in 1919. This quiet lad is a supply house for homework which he is always willing to lend.

BETTY MURRAY—Increased the population of Maple Creek, Sask., in 1919. Is an active member of the Hi-Y, Society Editor for the Analecta, and an Alpha Gamma girl. Only comes for two periods, but is lots of fun while she's here.

RICHARD SWANN—Blew into Winnipeg in 1920. A Council Representative for Room 4 and Advertising Manager for the Analecta. A forward on the Senior Hockey Team.

MARY ANDERSON—A newcomer to our halls who was born in 1920 in Prelate, Sask. Plays Basketball and belongs to the Current Events Club. Is going to take up nursing.

KENNETH HEAD—Made his bow in Calgary in 1921. Thrives on Chemistry and is noted for his loud guffaws. Ambition—to be a pilot.

IVY ENGLAND—Joined the family in 1920 at Oyen. Is an enthusiastic member of the Dramatic Club and sings in the "Red, White and Blue" trio. A popular miss whose ambition is to become a dietitian.





NORMAN CAMPBELL—Another Calgarian who arrived in 1919. Gradually losing his reputation as a woman-hater. One of the mainstays of the Chemistry class.

YVONNE DOHERTY—First saw Calgary in 1920. Plays Badminton and likes skating. Will probably become someone's private secretary but would like to maintain a home for stray dogs.

MAURICE SNELL—Landed in Calgary in 1919. A musical Irishman with red hair and a lively sense of humor. A member of the Boy's Hi-Y. Wonders why Chemistry won't work out for him.

BESSIE SIDORSKY—Born in Europe in 1920. Came to Calgary soon after. Won the Bennett Scholarship, and the University Scholarship for Grade 11. Intends to become a school teacher and travel around the world. Best of luck, Bessie.

CLARENCE BELL—Struck Calgary in 1920. One of the clever lads in Room 4. Plays hockey for the Seniors and is an all round good fellow.

ELVA CLARK—Arrived in Calgary in 1918. An enthusiastic member of the Dramatic Club and a Hi-Y girl. Possesses a large pair of blue eyes. She hopes to become a school-teacher.

BERNARD THARP—Bernie is another Calgary product of some 19 years. He seems to have a way of getting around the teachers when he hasn't got his homework done. A skier too.

MURIEL SAXBY-HAWKINS—Laughed her way into the world 19 years ago. Is a member of the Badminton Club and is on the Executive of the Current Events Club. Plans to train at the General Hospital next year.

KELVIN STANLEY—This saxaphonist blew his first note in Calgary in 1919. This is the first year that he has paced Central's floors and he seems to find dancing and women more interesting than school.

CATHERINE WHITNEY—Claimed Langdon as her birthplace in 1921. Noted for her ruddy locks and grand smile. This is her first year at Central—we're glad she came.

HARRY SEMRAU—Harry first batted an eyelid in 1919 at Medicine Hat and now he goes to Central to sleep off that morning-after effect. Played Senior Rugby and hates women like honey.

BETTY LOU SEWALL—Kept a date with the stork in Medicine Hat in 1919. An Alpha Gamma member and an enthusiastic supporter of all school activities—especially dances. A favorite with all the teachers (?).

MURRAY LAW—It happened in Medicine Hat in the year 1919. He belongs to the Delta Rho, Hi-Y, Gamma Phi and is President of the Students' Council and Assistant Editor for the Analecta.

NOREEN McPHERSON—Happened in Calgary 16 years ago. Helps to relieve the tension in Latin period. A newcomer who is well liked by everyone and one of the Literary Editors for the Analecta.

WILBIE LENOX—This 20-year old home town boy is headed for the National Hockey League. He stars on the Rangers, but seems to have enough time to come to school half a day.

BRENDA TURNER—Gave her first smile in Calgary in 1918. Possesses that quality called charm. Is a member of the Current Events and the Dramatic Clubs. Plays the leading feminine role in "Betrayal."

NEIL CARR—This 18-year old Calgary youth is Editor of the Analecta. He belongs to the Current Events Club and skis at Banff. An amateur photographer who excels at Candid Camera Shots.

JESSIE COWAN—Passed her first examination in 1921 in Calgary and she's been doing so ever since. An active member of the Hi-Y and an all-round swell gal.

HAROLD BEARE—Another native son who bears his 19 years with dignity. Hank gets a kick out of loud socks and seems to get along with everybody, teachers included.

DOROTHEA STUART—Dropped in on Stettler in 1921. Popular for her wit and ready smile. A 1937-38 member of Kappa Gamma and Omega Gamma Beta. Heroine and sub-director of "The King's English." Skates and plays badminton.

DICK WEBB—Dick first kicked the sides out of his cradle in 1919. He played Senior Rugby and belongs to the Boys' Hi-Y. He is also a Kappa Kappa Tau boy.

JEAN McEWAN—Partly responsible for the increase in Calgary's population in 1921. Plays badminton and rides her bike to school. An A-1 pal and student who is seldom seen without Bud.

BILL WEBSTER—In the year of our Lord 1919, it came to pass that a male child was born into this world, and in sooth he was called William, and it is spoken of him that he is a great sluggard and sleepeth much of the time.

IRENE THORSSEN—Greeted Strathmore in 1920. Belongs to the Badminton Club and enjoys swimming and riding. Always has her homework done and is always glad to lend it. She's rather quiet but everyone likes her.





TED HANEY—Home-grown for 19 years. A member of the Dramatic Club and Students' Council. Judging by his high marks we gather that there must be something under that hair and beard.

BETTY BAKER—First giggled in Blackie in 1920. A petite brunette who is a member of the Kappa Zeta Beta. Has lots of "yumph" and has got what it takes to make everyone like her.

STEWART SINCLAIR—Was born under western skies in our western city. This studious lad declares that he would rather study than go feminine. His future lies in the hope that some day he will become a full-fledged lawyer.

HELEN GREIG—Arrived in Trochu in 1920. Is only a part time student this year—spends the rest of her time at Hepburn's. Intends to go to Normal next year. Good luck, Helen.

JACK MacDOUGALL—Started travelling in our city 20 years ago. After trying other centres of learning seems to prefer Central. Art Editor for the Year Book and rarely cracks a smile.

LILA SCATCHERD—First raised her long eyelashes in Calgary in 1920. Always has her Trig. homework ready for those who need it. Belongs to the Current Events Club and plays badminton. A real pal.

LIONEL WHITE—"Whitey" was born 16 years ago. He was the star quarter-back of the Junior Rugby Team and seems to spend most of his time trying to pick a fight with someone. Will never be a Latin professor.

DOREEN DONALDSON—First squawked in Saskatoon in 1921. A new member of the Kappa Zeta and Secretary-Treasurer of the Badminton Club. Always seems to be having a good time—especially in Chem. period.

DON FRANCIS—This lengthy slab of humanity was originally quarried in Calgary nineteen years ago. Don belongs to the Kappa Kappa Tau and the Hi-Y, and cares little for women. "Stop not at six foot four—aim higher, higher."

MOLLY HUGHES—First said "Howdy-do" 17 years ago in Calgary. The capable Secretary of the Current Events Club. Pals around with Winnie and helps her puzzle out 'that awful Latin'. Aspires to be an Archaeologist.

ROLLIE MAYHOOD—His hair started to curl here in 1920. Is a source of delight to the Ag. teacher and is seldom seen without George Hill.

RITA JAMESSON—Disturbed the inhabitants of Calgary in 1921. Is a skating enthusiast and a supporter of all school activities. Noted for her mischievous smile. Known and liked by all.

PETE THOMAS—Comes from way over in Whaley Bridge, England, where he arrived in 1920. Played Senior Rugby and is a promising hoop star. One of the Council members for Room 2.

NORMA CHRISTIE—Began her career in Calgary in 1920. President of the Girls' Hi-Y, Vice-President of the Students' Council, Assistant Editor of the *Analecta* and a Kappa Gamma member. Spends her spare time skiing at Banff.

BILL BRACKENBURY—A Calgary citizen since 1921. He is the teachers' idea of a perfect (?) student. His pastime is kicking larger boys around.

JEAN MUNDIE—Has been a native of our city since 1918. Is responsible for a great deal of the fun and giggling in her corner of the room. A swell gal.

STEWART BARKER—Gave Edmonton a break in 1918. President of the Current Events Club, and a Hi-Y member. A popular student who gets along well (?) with the teachers.

WINNIFRED GREY—Winnifred increased Calgary's population in 1920. She captures a scholarship every year thus bringing more glory to Central. Keep up the good work, Winnie, and the very best of luck.

ALBERT ANNAND—Joined the rest of the family in Calgary in 1921. A popular member of the Alpha Beta Kappa. Says he is coming back next year to continue his study of Physics.

JEAN HILL—Received her birth-certificate in Edmonton in 1919. The capable President of the Kappa Zi and again Exchange Editor for the *Analecta*. Has a winning smile and is lots of fun.

BILL STUART—Happened along here in 1920. Played Senior Rugby, a member of Gamma Phi, and is Secretary of the Hi-Y. Often seen with a Garbutt's girl.

ALMA NEILSON—First tried her lungs in Bassano in 1921. Bud belongs to the Badminton Club and likes skiing and skating. Noted for her cheery grin.

PEGGY TROTTER—Came to light in Calgary in 1920. Skates at the Glencoe and skis with the Calgary Ski Club. Spends her week-ends at Bragg Creek or Banff. Still finds time to get high marks.

JACQUELINE TEMPEST—"Jacky" opened her eyes in Regina in 1920. Lived in South America for 2 years and came to us from the Banff Mountain School. Belongs to both the Dramatic and the Current Events Clubs.





ROSS LOGAN—Kept a date with a Calgary-bound stork in 1921. Just a small bundle of pep and energy.

KATHLEEN FENNEL—Greeted Ireland in 1920. Only comes to school in the mornings but makes good use of her time. Is very quiet and seems rather shy, but she's sure to get there.

STANLEY STEWART—A local boy of the crop of 1920. He is a basketball enthusiast and a debater of note.

JOYCE RICHARDSON—Made a perfect landing here in 1920. Is an enthusiastic member of the Badminton Club and plays a good game. A good scout (pardon us—Girl Guide.)

FRANK WALLACE—First raised a racket in Calgary in 1919. Star swimmer of the Y.M.C.A. Noted for his sense of humor.

JOSEPHINE BROWN—This fair lass was born in England in 1920. She is another one of Central's half-day students and hopes to work her way through University by selling popcorn and peanuts.

JIM CRAWFORD—Gave Calgary a break in 1920. Tall and brown-haired. (For further information telephone W1564.)

HELEN SLOAN—Landed in Lethbridge in 1920. She plays guard on the Senior Basketball Team and may be found skating at the Crystal almost any night. Always game for anything.

GRAHAM ANDERSON—A "blessed event" here in 1921. Is rather quiet in class and has nothing whatever to do with girls.

MILDRED BEAULIEU—Millie first smiled in 1919 in Winnipeg. She spends only her mornings in school and it is said she spends her afternoons looking for someone with their homework done. Sports a Kappa Zi blazer.

DON MACQUEEN—"Weiner" surprised High River in 1919. Not exactly a shining light in school, but watch him go on the dance floor. Works in a drug store after school.

PAT TURNER—Born in England in 1920. A member of Kappa Gamma and a Hi-Y girl. She plays a good game of Basketball and is a Track and Field star. This is her second year as Sports Editor for the Analecta.

LORRAINE McPHAIL—Spoke her first words in Denver in 1920. Lorraine is a promising young musician and hopes to lead Central's Symphony (?) orchestra some day. Has a smile and a word for everyone.

MARY EAGLESTON—Strolled into Calgary 18 years ago, and now she strolls into the room two seconds before the second bell. Plays Badminton and Skates.

HELEN MEADOWS—A newcomer to Central who greeted Blackie with a smile in 1919. She seems to enjoy Biology as much as the rest of us do.

LUCILLE LEONARD—This tall, dark miss was born in Lomond, 17 years ago. She is a general information bureau and walking encyclopedia—especially for a certain table in spare.

BETTY CORBETT—A brunette who was born in Calgary some 18 years ago. Adds to the merriment in Algebra period. An active member of the Hi-Y.

ETHEL ALLEN—Was added to Calgary's population in 1919. She is the popular President of the Alpha Gamma Sorority and her chief occupation seems to be talking to Norine during Algebra period. Has a smile for everyone.

JEAN LOGAN—First saw light in Lethbridge, 17 years ago. She belongs to the Dramatic Club, the Current Events Club and the Badminton Club. Spends much of her spare time at C.G.I.T. work.

BETTY KERR—Increased Scotland's population in 1920. This wee lassie is Treasurer of the Girl's Hi-Y, Secretary of the Students' Council, Secretary of the Alpha Gamma Sorority, and everyone's pal.

ROSE SKETCHLEY—Made her first appearance in Calgary in 1919. This golden-haired young lady comes once in a while just to see how things are getting on. Likes Dramatics.

LOIS LILLIGREN—Born in Minneapolis in 1920. She only comes in the mornings and spends her afternoons drinking tea and playing bridge. Says she is going to University sometime.

MAY CALDER—Blew into Dundee, Scotland, in 1920. She is another one of those students who thinks so hard that she doesn't have much time to talk—but we like her just the same.



BIOGRAPHIES OF GRADUATES—Continued.

ROBERT STEARNE—First saw light in Edmonton in 1918. Like Cohen, he just hates to shave, but how he likes to argue with his teachers.

JOYCE POLLEY—Born in Calgary in 1919. A new-comer to C.C.I. who shares a desk with Gladys. Spends half the day at Garbutt's.

KEN MALIN—Found on a Vermillion doorstep in 1919. Star forward on this year's Senior Hockey Team. Does his own homework when he can't borrow it.

ELEANOR BLACKWOOD—Started life's journey from Yorkton, Sask., in 1918. Possesses a charming smile which she readily bestows on everyone. Only comes in the mornings and divides her time between Rooms 3 and 4. Aspires to be a dress designer.

DON SMITH—A native son since 1918. His ambition is to have the worries of a millionaire. Made "The Great Lover" column.

MAC SULLIVAN—Born in Medicine Hat in 1920. Very proud of his beautiful (?) red hair. A member of the Boys' Hi-Y.

BETH WHITE—Deposited herself in Calgary in 1920. Is one of the cleverer members of our class and consequently is a distributing centre for homework.

SHIRLEY FORD—Became a native of Calgary in 1918. Always ready to lend a hand. If it wasn't for Shirley none of us would have any ink.

CHESTER BURNS—Ah! A grandpa amongst us upstarts. Ches has had 22 years of stormy experience in our town but still he studies hard and has an ambition to become a lawyer.

BILL MacINTOSH—A "made in Alberta" product who came to life in the town of Chinook 18 years ago. He seems to enjoy school and his study, but pays little attention to the fair sex and their wiles.

BOB BATEMAN—Has grown for seventeen years in this metropolis. Bunker plays Juvenile Hockey, School Hockey and quarterback on the Senior Rugby Squad. An active member of the Hi-Y.

WILFRED RYAN—Wilf was born in Calgary 18 years ago, but soon deserted it for the farm where his headquarters have been ever since.

JOHN HILL—This popular young man returned after Christmas to continue his studies. Only comes in the afternoons. He has a hearty laugh and seems to enjoy school.

BILL TOPLEY—This modest (?) young man is the answer to a maiden's prayer. He is tall, dark, a swellegant dancer and drives a wow of a car. Another 17 year old home brew.

KENNETH BRIGDEN—The 15-year old infant of the class. Nevertheless, he has acquired years of learning and is an ambitious stamp and post-mark collector.

MILDRED LOCKE—First saw snow in Banff in 1920. This fair member of our class belongs to the Dramatic Club. She intends to return to Central next year.

ANDY FLEMING—Started howling in Calgary 19 years ago. The Physics and Algebra shark of Room 2. A quiet (?) fellow whose ambition is to be a mounted policeman.

JACK MARLES—Although the youngster of Room 2—his arrival was in 1922—he surpasses us all in school work. Studies late at night and gets up early in the morning to handle a paper route. Belongs to the Current Events Club.

ALBERT CALDWELL—A quiet lad of some 19 summers. A good student and a good fellow.

BILL MARTIN—Raced Old Doc Stork to Calgary in 1920. Only comes in the mornings and has no use for women.

FRANK WILLOUGHBY—A local product of 1918. A quiet fellow and strictly a woman-hater. A saxophone player.

BARBARA BRANDON—Was left on one of Calgary's door-steps in 1920. This "one man" woman takes life just as it comes and doesn't even let school bother her. She likes to ride.

BIOGRAPHIES OF GRADUATES—Continued.

BETTY JACK—Isn't just sure where she was born but the province was Alberta and the year was 1919. A member of the Badminton Club. Liked by all.

GRACE MILLS—Has been causing a general uproar in Calgary since 1919, and is responsible for most of the weird noises heard in Room 2. Her chief interests are Basketball and Hockey.

NORINE MORTON—Must have greeted Calgary way back in the war days—she isn't sure which war. Her big problem is to learn some Algebra 3, and when she has finished that she is going to study to be a Geography teacher.

GRACE EVANS—Came over from England in 1920. She plays the trombone for Ernest Saran and his Canadian Girls. Is the proud possessor of a sailor's picture.

THELMA MERRIFIELD—First saw our fair city in 1921. She comes to school in her spare time to see Grace or May. She says she would like to join the Navy.

CONSTANCE ANNAND—This black-haired girl, who is better known as Connie, was born in Calgary in 1920. She likes music and drawing. Is so busy thinking that she doesn't say much.



CLASS NOTABLES AND NUTABLES

Most dependable	Norma Christie
Most versatile	Jean Hill; Dawn Fairbairn
Most Independent	Betty Kerr; Ken Brigden
Most original	Betty Watson; Alton Ryan
Most athletic	Patricia Turner; Bob Bateman
Most talkative	Anne Roginsky; Stew Barker
Most comical	Dot Hammond; Sam Cohen
Most clever	Bessie Sidorsky; Clarence Bell
Most care-free	Betty Lou Sewell; Bill Topley
Most girl-shy	Dick Webb
Best sport	Vern Ridgway; Geo. Hill
Best looking	(—?—); Bernie Tharp
Best dancer	Betty Baker; Don Macqueen
Biggest flirt	Aileen Filteau; Geo. Burrell
Biggest pest	Grace Mills; Bob Kredentser
Biggest rough-houser	Harry Semerau
Loudest laugh	Reg. (Sweety-Pie) McInnes
Cutest giggle	Little Audrey Masson
Cutest dimples	Mary Sherman; Bill Werth
Nicest hair	Shirley Somerville; Kelley Stanley
Closest to marriage	Tirza Patrick; Al Neal



They had grown suddenly wealthy and had purchased a farm, complete with hens, cows, and pigs. Said a visitor one day:

"Do your hens lay eggs?"

"Oh, they can," was the lofty reply, "but in our position they don't have to."

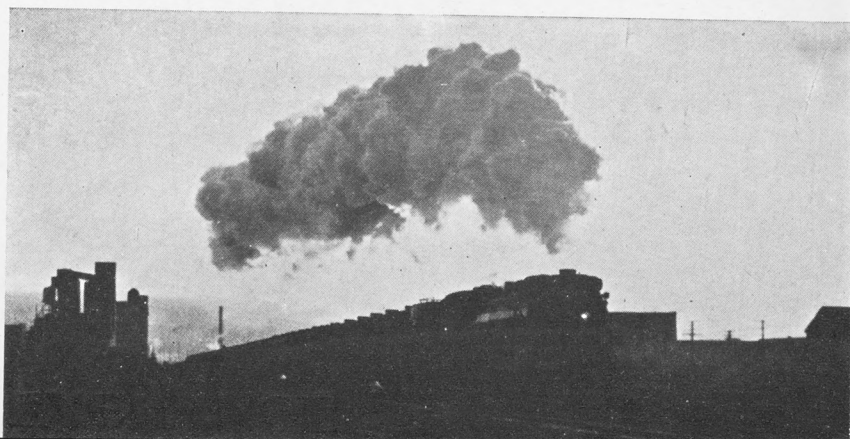


COLLEGIATE CUT-UPS

(1) The other side of Al Neal's life. (2) Christie and the biographies. (3) It smells. (4) Scandle Monger. (5) His girl bites. (6) Some people's faces are as blank as their minds. (7) Miss Sampson's headache. (8) The guilty party. (9) The savage minds (Bob Stearne and Alex Shapiro) and the elements of Physics. (10) Clubs. (11) The perennial student. (12) Maurice Silver, a model spare-room pupil. (13) In Memoriam. (14) "Room 3 is cold, Mr. Brown." (15) Weepers, steamin' hot. (16) The homework excuse again (Stewart Barker, Mollie Hughes, Jean Logan). (17) The heavy head (Bernie Tharpe). (18) More smells by the Weeper joke editor (Mac Sullivan). (19) The finer things of life. (20) False economy. (21) Future board meeting.

EXCHANGE AND ALUMNI

Editor:
JEAN HILL



EXCHANGE

Here we have tried to give the students of C.C.I. a resumé of Year Books from other schools, in Canada and elsewhere. These books will be placed in the spare room for your use.

Lower Canada College Magazine—

Contains pictures of students, teachers and various group photos of sport teams with literary efforts and biographies.

McMaster Quarterly—

A literary magazine, containing articles, stories, poems and works of art.

The Annual—Burnaby South High School—

A review of a school year with pictures of students. Boasts a snappy cover.

The Wykehamist—Winchester College, England—

A school paper published every two weeks. Reviews subjects of interest to the students.

The Twig—University of Toronto Schools—

An ambitious year book of goodly size, put up in smart style. A worthy example of the creative genius of the student body.

Red and White—Lowell High School, San Francisco—

An elaborate book, pictorially representing the students and school activities. A fine example of a semi-annual publication from the States.

Expected Publications—

Year Book—Olds Agricultural School.

The Tatler—Lindsay College, Lindsay, Ont.

High School Magazine—Glasgow, Scotland.

Hermes Humberside Collegiate—Toronto.

The Collegiate—Sarnia, Ontario.

The Annual—King Edward High School, Vancouver.

The Acatec—Western Canada High School.

Due to the early date of the *Analecta's* publication, we expect to receive these year books after our own has gone to press.



ALUMNI

Mount Royal—

Jack Cole, Doug. Pettigrew, Cecil Rees, Gena Speakman, Doris Stevenson.

Garbutt's—

Stew. Campbell, Ronald Wales.

University of Alberta—

Martha Block, Beatrice Dattner, Bud Williams, Les Willox.

ALUMNI—Continued.

Commercial—

Gwen Wick, Bert Thirwell, Bertha Tangye, Ray Iverson, Eva Jenkins, Madeline Maguire, Marjorie McAlpin, Eleanor McKenzie, Louise McInnes, Flora McClure, Mary Polley, Jim Scott, Ruth Snyder, Iris Ruth Anderson, Pat Clark, Mary Dahrouge, Jean Gibson, Jack Howard, Jean Hutchinson, Joan Inglis, Shirley Ireland, Vivian Ireland.

Working—

Lloyd Askew, Shirley Binnie, Elmer Borgal, Ken Barr, Doris Bried, Fred Crick, Gordon Deeton, Don Dunbar, Ken Henderson, Rod Leggat, Doug. Logan, John Mains, Doug. Newborn, Neville Petts, Dave Ramsey, John Robinson, Jeff Williams.

Out of Town—

George Wagner (Edmonton), Rees Alverson (Edmonton), Dave Christie (Trail), Phyllis Brown (Edmonton), Florence Christie (Guelph), Eileen Harley (Chilliwack), Ted Jones (McGill University), Roy Jones (Butte, Montana), Sheila Roberts (Vancouver).

Olds—

Mac Burka, Ted Crooks.

Western—

George Bowen, Kay Ford, Elaine McDowell, Bette Morrison.

At Home—

Carol Chapman, Art Grey, Howard Leary, Ted Marles, Sheila McKay, Maxine McNeil, Marg. Oliver, Coral Creasey, Lilian Dattner, George Knight.

Normal—

Lila Dickens, Mary Watson,

Hepburn's—

Norman Johnson.

Lost, but not Forgotten—

Florence Messinger, John Moir, Henry Beckett, Adele Nadeau, Bill Brown, May Burton, Edith Callaghan, Jack Cotterell, Maureen Emery, Mervyn Eshelby, Steve Harrison, George Hardy, John La Brecque, Ruth Peterson, Doug. Stevens, Harold Stewart, Mary White, Dorothy Gush, Erma Webb.

**EXCHANGE HUMOR**

On board a tossing ship, I find it true
I can not eat my cake and have it too.

—The Twig.



They met on the bridge at midnight,
They'll never meet again,
For one was an east-bound heifer,
The other a west-bound train.

—Sarnia.

LITERARY

Editors:

CLARENCE BELL

NOREEN McPHERSON



"HEIL HITLER"

(First Serious—Comp. 4.)

"Heil Hitler", and a thousand or more brown-shirted robots with arms uplifted jerk past a brown-shirted master with arm raised in a similar stormy benediction. Beware Mr. Hitler or some unsuspecting bird will build its house upon such an inviting and convenient perch. Who wouldn't cling to some new Caesar, in whose vicinity your body is safe and well fed; providing the great and almighty Caesar doesn't collapse under the strain? Certainly why not get all you can lay your hands on, providing all you have to do is hold up your own grasping hand beside his and shout, "Heil Hitler," till you are half hoarse. It's so easy—you shout one thing and think another. But do not think out loud; even your private office is not safe. Say one thing against the Fuehrer and—Poof—your little private bubble is gone.

Why is Hitler so loved by his people? Ah! but is he loved? There is the key to the whole true situation. No sooner is that question raised than the true Hitler can be seen clear and outstanding; a mere usurper of power. One of the "Gimmee Gang." Hitler marches his stormy troops up and down the country. He, himself, speaks over the air in language unprintable. He sends young men to concentration camps. He drives out the Jews and supports no one of non-Aryan blood. He fills the press with propaganda, the air with filth, and religion with untruths, all so that his people will learn that he is the true leader and rebuilder of their empire. It is not even "God and Hitler" in Germany it is "Hitler and God." He speaks not of what the people want. It is what I say; 7—9—7. To the German child Hitler must be the "One and Only"; and no one dare dispute it. Before they are old enough to realize it the young children are devoted Nazis and supporters of Hitler. They shout "Heil Hitler" and believe that the Fuehrer was sent by God to make Germany a great nation and world power. That, claims Hitler, can be obtained only by war. But do the Germans, in the innermost confines of their heart, want war? I think not; but their children will if this training continues. Present Germany does not love Hitler, but future Germany will.

Hitler does not even represent a small majority of the present Germany. But, you know, a little force, a little show and the world is yours for the taking. Hitler knows that and he applies it in large doses, taken consecutively all day, all month, all year. Propaganda, my dear sir, will do anything. Simply apply it lavishly and hair will grow on anything and cover its true surface. Hitler should try it internally—the hair might filter his ideas; but then, what use is clear usurpary without something to give it an agreeable color and taste?

My dear Hitler you are a ghost, a clot of undigested mustard in the congested intestinal organisms of Europe. Soon you will disappear.

—Albert Haynes.



HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY

(First Humorous—Comp. 4)

"Hey sugar!" called Joe as he burst into the house with an overwhelming enthusiasm. "How about taking in a show to-night? Didn't you want to see the 'Parisian Heart Throb' or something? It's a swell night for a show."

HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY—Continued.

"Ye-es, I did want to see it, but why so enthusiastic. You know as well as I do Joe Lacy that a picture show with you is just a stall for something else. What are the boys doing now?" she concluded with scorn.

"Why honey, I am surprised," he retorted with an injured innocence. "Can't a man take his beautiful wife to a picture show without her growing suspicious. I only thought you would like a good time. It's a long time since we did the town together."

"Well, I'm not sure. No. I have to finish this shirt. We stay home to-night."

"Oh Gee! Listen Anne. You run and get dressed and I will do up these dishes."

"No. We are staying home to-night," said Anne with a finality that convinced Joe she was right.

Poor Joe, he felt desperate. He had told the boys he would let them know if he could get out for that shooting trip. Here it was Thursday evening and the little Help-mate was sour. Not a chance in the world of her consenting to a week-end's hunting. Something must be done. Joe sat down to think. The whirl of wings brought him out of his trance.

"Geese!" cried Joe, and looked skyward, but no, it was the canary ruffling its feathers. He went into the den, disgusted. The sight of a mounted duck brought new hope. He lay down and picked a book off the table. "Human Psychology Self-Taught." He read one chapter and rose like a rocket from his chair. The answer at last. Old Joe Lacy was smart. He would be in that duck blind when the first flight came over. Yes sir. In fact he was so sure of himself that he got out his gun and cleaned it, filled his vest with shells and gathered the rest of his equipment into a pile. He went into the kitchen, made the tea, cut the cake and served 'tea for two' in front of the fireplace. Of course Anne was pleased. She was softening all ready—he could tell by the look in her face. Human Psychology was a great thing. Full of hope was Joe as he climbed into bed. He was so excited he couldn't sleep. Maybe some day he would write a book on Human Psychology himself.

On the way to work next morning, he stopped at the florist's and ordered flowers; roses; the best in the shop. This Psychology was tops. It couldn't fail. At four o'clock he was on his way home. He stopped at the butcher's for oysters. Ah! fried oysters; Anne simply couldn't resist them. Like a gay spring wind he blew into the house. "Oh, Anne," he shouted, "Surprise!"

Oh, Joe! Such beautiful flowers you sent up. So thoughtful of you on our wedding anniversary." Wedding anniversary! Was this their wedding anniversary? Well, all the better. Good old Psychology wins again.

"Yes, honey," continued Joe, "and that's not all. Now you run and get dressed for an evening out, while I cook supper. No questions now, just do as I say. For a change," he added unnecessarily, and nearly spoiled the whole show.

What an evening it was. The best show in town. The best eats afterwards, and old Joe Lacy made many a youngster look twice as he swung a wicked hop to the hottest band in town. Anne was in another world. She was up in the clouds. Now was a swell time for that question.

"Anne," he began and faltered. Then gaining courage, he continued. "Wouldn't it be nice—I mean wouldn't you like to visit Aunt Mar—"

HUMAN PSYCHOLOGY—Continued.

"Joe," Anne interrupted him, "I have a confession to make. It was terribly selfish of me, but now I have changed my mind. I was going to visit Aunt Mary and leave you on your own for a whole long week-end. But now I feel like crying when I see how selfish it was. I will never leave you alone."

Joe groaned. "Fly on pretty geese," he thought. He sat down and gripped the edge of his chair lest he should grow violent with himself. "Psychology—nuts."

—Murray Hall.



YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

(First Serious—Comp. 3)

Larry Craig heaved a heavy sigh and buried his face on his arms in hopeless despair as he turned and twisted with pain in the white sheets of a hospital bed. He had been tricked by fate. Yesterday—only yesterday he had been young and filled with ardent ambitions. He had stood, tanned by the sun and wind of the prairies, under the sunny blue sky, and surveyed the peaceful countryside where plenty dwelt. He had been seventeen then and vastly contented with his simple life of humble achievement around the farm.

Then the promising spring had blossomed and ripened into the warm fulfillment of August—early August. He had stood on the eve of August the third, on a hill behind the house to watch the sun sink down behind the mountains. Black clouds gathered on the horizon and the fiery sun sank ominously in a blaze of flame down into the haze, into fathomless obscurity. The whole atmosphere had seemed charged with a horrible suspense, and he had not been able to find the old contentment.

Those mountains over yonder were not the sovereigns of majesty now, as before. They rose dark and sinister, towering threateningly on the verge of men's existence. The snow-caps, once so lovely, seemed only a superficial glitter, symbolic of greed and selfishness.

Impulsively he had turned his face from the awful spectacle and shut his eyes to these dark portents of Nature. A wind rose in the night and swept away with one cruel blast his peace of yore. He slept fitfully that night but he did not rest for many a year to come; for, on the next day came disastrous news of world war. In the ardour of his youth, his patriotism flared brightly, and amid band-playing and flag-waving he parted from family and friends as did so many others.

The scene had changed drastically. As if in a terrible dream he found himself in the midst of death and disaster—of war in all its horror and stark agony. For four seemingly endless years, he had lived in daily fear of extinction, under gun-fire and cold drenching rains, intermingled with long fatiguing tramps and hours of interminable waiting in the dirt and filth of the trenches.

That era of noise and tumult had forever shattered his memories of the peaceful yesterday and his illusions for the tomorrow that might never come. Everywhere man-wrought desolation and darkness was evident.

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW—Continued.

Trees were shelled and burned to ashes, villages destroyed, the once verdant earth bestrewn with shells and the dead bodies of men. The red blood of war had left sanguinary stains on the earth's surface.

Then like the calm that follows a storm at sea, came peace in the wake of war. A whole world fraught with chaos and disaster, had breathed a sigh of relief, and rested. But to Larry's heart had come no peace. Wounded in body and broken in spirit he had been taken to a hospital in the dismal north of France to recover as best he could.

Why should he recover? What earthly reason was there to go on living now? War had snatched from him his dreams and his hope; had made of his forgotten past an aching void which wordly lust could never satisfy, and of his future a veritable graveyard of buried hopes. Why then should he live?

Literally war was over, but the discord of that struggle had entered Larry's mind and filled it to the exclusion of all that once had been. With an aching heart he longed for some escape from his warring soul; for some release from the darkness of his mind. Day after day he had lain in an agonizing stupor of blankness and longed for true peace.

By and by he became physically restored and was released. He returned for a short time to his native grain-fields, but all was meaningless. He vaguely recognized his family, but he still moved as if in a dream. The familiar scenes of the quiet country did not pacify him. All was unreal, incomprehensible to him and in some indistinct manner he felt that beyond the sea he had left that which he sought to regain. At length the inactivity of mind became so bothersome to him that he re-sought the scene of his torture.

It was spring in the world once again when he finally arrived in France. The long winter of war and darkness was over, but the spring of peace had not yet obliterated the terrible scars. How different it appeared from the other time he had landed! Before, it had not been very long since he had known peace in his heart, but now he viewed the scene with the eyes of a man to whom war has given only mental anguish, but has taken from him the vitality and truth of his former life. As he travelled from city to city he thought to himself whether he would ever find the peace he once knew.

The peace of humble peasants, going about their daily tasks failed to awaken him; the glories of Nature likewise failed to revive him. The hum of industry, the gay life of the city alike found his soul dormant in repose. He even visited the castles of kings in a vain attempt to find the peace declared but not capable of being realized. When he beheld the meaningless pomp and ceremony of kings, he at least became aware of the memories which had so long slumbered within his mind.

Anon, he left the palaces, and his weary steps took him to the peaceful sanctity of "No Man's Land." Here he ventured forth one day to the saddest of all war's souvenirs. He found himself alone amongst endless rows of white crosses, and poppies blooming in riotous display. Here among the good soldiers who had given their lives for peace, he found release from the hard fetters of war. Suddenly there drifted before his vision a picture of the haughty courts he had lately visited and then he remembered. In a flash the spell which darkness had cast over him was forever lifted. Into his mind came these words which he had heard in that other time, so long ago:

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW—Continued.

"War is not made by the kings of earth,
 War comes of envious thought and bitter word.
 War comes of selfish mind and boastful speech.
 War comes of thoughtlessness and unkind deed.
 Let your thoughts rise higher than yourselves.
 Embrace, if only for a moment, all mankind
 Struggling, each one, toward a common goal.
 If one man's ways be different from another's
 It needs not guileful thoughts nor petty, scandalous tongues,
 Only understanding."

Thus did Larry find peace. As the lovely memories of yesterday came back to enrich his life after the nightmare of war, so he looked hopefully, expectantly to tomorrow in which he might live courageously, to cherish for his fellow-men the great peace he had lost yesterday, and would in reality find tomorrow.

—Ruth Crawford.



A LETTER FROM A PROMISING SON

(First Humorous—Comp. 3.)

Juniper Junction.

Dear Mom,

On account uv me bein' writin' this letter, you'll know I got out to Uncle Dan's ranch oKay. I shore like it out here Mom'n Iv'e bin havin' the niftiest time, bein' not so nifty for Slim, the foreman, on account uv he says I ask too many questions fer a button my size. But I says when you wuz a half full-growed man of ten I bet you asted jist as many, but he jist gave me uh kind of dirty scowl. You know the kind I mean, Mom. So he sez let's see if you can do anything useful on account uv me pesterin' him. So he took me out to milk one of the cows, but I guess its tap was turned off because I set the pail he gave me under it for fifteen minutes 'n when I came back there was'nt a speck uv milk in it. So I guess sumpn' must uv bin the matter with its milkin' apparatus, or whatever that big word is. Or maybe she was too busy chooin' gum. It sure must cost a lot to keep Uncle Dan's herd in gum.

But the other day I sure had the excitin' time. I wuz ridin' "Wildfire" wich in case yuh don't know, Maw, is the fastest horse they have, on account uv Slim tellin' me 'n Butch, winkin' at Butch. So I guess the wink was on account uv they thought if I knew his speed I'd be afraid. But not me, the Fearless Terror. Slim calls me Pete Knight, Jr. on account uv me only fallin' off Wildfire three times in one ride. Wildfire certainly is a fast horse. If yuh sock him with a switch 'n kick him good 'n hard 'n make kind uv a clucin' sound, You know Mom like an old hen, he'll trot off across the prairie jist like the horses in the Western Shows, only different on account uv the speed. He goes as fast as that old cow wich used to chase us. But Mom when we got to the water-hole, the ornery cuss (that's a new word I learn't from Slim) put his head down to drink, 'n the next thing I knew Ma, I wuz climbin' out o' muddy water, but the mud didn't taste so bad, Ma. If yuh don't believe me yuh can try it sometime. Then I couldn't get on Wildfire again. So guess whut I did. When he put his head down again to drink, I crawled up her neck (nearly slippin' off, by the way). We lit out (that is also a new word

A LETTER FROM A PROMISING SON—Continued.

which meanin' you probly don't now) for the house. Maw, if you ever want some good excitement you try ridin' a horse with your overalls all wet 'n muddy, 'n when you bounce up 'n down a'hangin' on the mane yuh nearly pull it out on account uv you not feelin' so good anyhow, with half the mud from the water-hole in my ears 'n around my close.

So when I got to the house, Slim laffed, 'n said "Look at the city slicker now!" meanin' which? 'n me standin' there agettin' redder 'n redder on account uv the whole crew wuz there laffin' (Crew meanin' the guys wich work there) But I jist walked up to the house with my head up in the air an account uv me gettin' more mud in my mouth if I didn't.

But Mom, in about a week they forgot about it 'n Mom guess what? Slim's gonna give me a real pair of chaps (wich you pernounce "shaps".) 'N this is why.

Slim tole me to go chase a calf in the corral, wich got loose, so on account uv me not bein' able tuh see in the dark, I gave it a tap on the north end with a stick I had. 'N it gave a squeal, which certainly never belonged to a calf, 'n lit out fer the wide open spaces, but when it was jumpin' through the corral it hit one uv the poles 'n died, breakin' its neck. But Maw, its funny, it wuzn't a calf at all but a coyote. (Slim showed me how tuh spell it.) Jist then Slim 'n the boys came, 'n when they saw it, they congradjulatud me. But when they asked me how I kilt it, I jist didn't say ennythin'. They mistook my not talkin' fer bein' shy, so I jist let 'em think I kilt it.

I didn't really tell a fib, did I Maw? On account uv me not affirmin' the statement. Yuh certainly can't blame a fellow fer sumpin' he didn't do, which was tellin' 'em I didn't kill it.

So Slim is gonna give me the chaps before I go home 'n they're gonna offishully give 'em to me with a campfire 'n all.

So I guess I'm havin' an excitin' time and Slim says when I get older I can come 'n live all the time on the ranch like a real cowboy, wich is pretty good, eh?

Wait'll I tell the gang at home about me killin' a coyote, with the chaps kind uv circumstanshul evidence.

So long, Ma, on account uv Slim says I have to hit the hay now wich is a good expreshun fer me tuh use, he said.

Your lovin' son wich is sleepy,

Jimmy (Button) Rustler.

P.S. The "Button" is for what yuh can call me like Slim does if yuh want to, Maw.

—Kathleen Ferguson.



OLD ANNA

(First Serious—Comp. 2.)

The train pulled out and left me, rather desolate, standing on the platform of a small country village. After some inquiries from small villagers, I made my way to the thatched cottage of Old Anna Stentebjerg. I was admitted and soon made myself known to a sweet old lady, with white hair and a once beautiful—now wrinkled face, whom I immediately knew to be Nana's

OLD ANNA—Continued.

mother. After the usual courtesies, it did not take long for Anna to start talking of her children and her life.

"Old Anna! Yes that is what they call me now. They didn't always call me that, not when the children were here. But they're all gone now. Tania is in France, Michael is goodness knows where, and Nana, dear sweet Nana, is in that cold country, where you came from. The rest of the family have gone to a better land. Peter, he was the most handsome, went first, then Karen the youngest, went a year later. Then Leonie and John died of diphtheria. Nora, just about a year ago, my husband Hans, left me alone here in this cottage which is all that is left of our once—big estate. When we were young, we had a fine big farm not far from here. That is where all the children were born. Even when they were small, I could tell what they would be like. Michael was always looking for adventures, Tania thought only of herself but Nana! Nana was the good fairy of the family. She would do anything for anybody that asked, and her share of good things always found their way into the hands of someone less fortunate. (As her mother said this, I thought of how Nana was still giving her share to others.) They all tried to be good but they never realized their faults. Hans was a good husband and father even though he was stern in nature. He never made me go out in the fields and work and we always had two servants to help. We loved each other and now that I know that Nana is happy, my only wish is to join him as soon as possible. I'm too old to be of any more use in this world. But tell me of Nana."

I told her of Nana's pride in her four children and of how intelligent, well-behaved and handsome they all were. I told her of a large, beautiful house in a large city, while in my mind's eye I could see a small cottage, badly in need of repairs, in a coal-mining town.

What I didn't tell her, was that Nana took in laundry and scrubbed and toiled all day over steaming tubs because of a worthless drunkard who was her husband. Nor did I tell her that Nana had hair just as white as her own and that Nana was no longer beautiful.

Old Anna asked me many questions that day and I answered my questions by thinking of my more happily married friends and their homes. I told her of the kindly man who was Nana's husband while I remembered large bruises that Nana often showed to me. The thing that delighted old Anna mostly was the names of the children. She would repeat them over and over again, "Hans—Peter—Anna—Karen." Then she would say them again as she rocked in her old chair with her hands folded in her lap.

When I left the village, I left a happy old lady visualizing a beautiful daughter with a loving husband and children, living in a luxurious home. Perhaps I did wrong in letting her believe these things, but when she died not long after, her last words were:

"I am not sorry to die, because I know that Nana is happy."

—Elinor Jensen.



WRITTEN IN THE STARS

(First Humorous—Comp. 2.)

Old Mrs. Gray was an ardent student of both astronomy and astrology. Her grand-daughter, Elspeth, was inclined to be amused at her ideas, and often poked sly fun at her. Mrs. Gray believed that the stars were trust-

WRITTEN IN THE STARS—Continued.

worthy and continuously predicted the coming events from the monthly astrology magazine which was deemed absolutely reliable by workers in that field of study.

The old lady had no one but Elspeth to care for or to care for her, and her love for the young girl was no small emotion. Elspeth was as fond of swimming as her grandmother was of star study, and devoted much time to revelling in the delights of the huge out-door pool in the village of Westpoint.

The girl awakened one sunny morning to an underlying sense of foreboding. However, with the cheerful impatience of youth, she pushed the feeling from her and prepared herself for the morning's work. She greeted Mrs. Gray with her customary demonstration of affection before she became aware of the agitation of that good lady.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, child, only—only—"

"Only what, Grandmother?"

Mrs. Gray seemed about to make light of her disturbance, but changed her mind, and spoke in a low earnest voice.

"The star forecast says for anyone born under your star to beware of water to-day."

Elspeth stared at her in surprise.

"Why, Grandmother, you foolish creature! As if anything could happen to me in the water—Why I've known how to swim since I was a baby!"

"Elspeth, I don't want you to go swimming this evening."

The girl was disturbed and tried to soothe Mrs. Gray's fears by telling her what precautions she would take.

That evening, at seven o'clock, Martha and Joan called for Elspeth to go swimming.

Before long, they had covered the two miles to the pool, where they speedily prepared themselves for the plunge.

Martha had her pet duck with her and it led the girls a merry chase in the water. Elspeth dived repeatedly for the duck but she was not able to match its speed and agility.

Before long Joan suggested that they go to Joe's Lunch Wagon for hot coffee. Elspeth resolved to remain behind to practise a new stunt dive, and resisted the entreaties of the other girls. She would let no one watch her but the little brown duck. When she was alone, Elspeth began to dive. A compelling figure of confidence and poise, she flashed through the air to the embrace of the dark water below. Over and over she repeated it, revelling in the silence and gloom of her surroundings.

Not until a loud clap of thunder warned her of an oncoming storm did Elspeth remember that she must walk two miles to reach home. The duck, feeling its freedom, declined to let her catch it as it scooted down the length of the pool to evade her.

Elspeth dressed hurriedly, as the rain began to fall in angry torrents. She rushed through the wet trees to a neighboring house, hoping that her grandmother would not worry, for she could not send her a message.

Meanwhile Mrs. Gray was worrying. The rain continued. The night was becoming cool.

Elspeth waited in the shelter of the house for over an hour before she decided that she would go home regardless of the storm. She was met at the

WRITTEN IN THE STARS—Continued.

door by her anxious grandmother, who feared that the girl had had an accident at the pool, when she did not arrive earlier.

"Are you hurt? Where have you been? Why did you come home alone?"

"One question at a time!" laughed Elspeth, suppressing a sneeze. I am not hurt, unless you call a severe drenching being hurt. I have been at Brown's house for shelter, and the girls left the pool early to buy coffee. Now, you dear old fuss-box, what about your forecast? The day is almost over and nothing has happened yet."

Just then she shivered, and a sneeze escaped her.

Mrs. Gray's wise blue eyes twinkled as she drew the girl close to her for an instant.

"My goodness, Elspeth child, what a cold you have. But, remember—it was written in the stars!"

—Arlene Price.



MY DEN OF DREAMS

(First Serious)

There's a small, modest room in our house

I call it my very own;

I can hear the rain-drops' soft patter,

The weird melancholy wind's moan.

It doesn't boast any rich lounges,

Nor carpets of Persian design;

But no matter how dingy it may seem,

At least I can call it all mine.

I go to it, when I am heart-sore.

And when I'm in need of prayer;

It seems when my soul's heavy laden,

I'm nearer the Master when there.

I talk to him just like a brother

I tell him my troubles and woe,

I pray—and I tell him I'm sorry.

My troubles are gone as I go.

No matter where e'er I may travel,

No matter how distant it seems;

I'll always remember that haven of peace

I call it, my den of dreams.

—Bruce Wright.



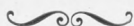
ANALECTA—What it Means.

It comes from the Greek words "ana", and, and "legein", gather. It means a collection of literary fragments. Fragments that in future years will bring us a nostalgic rush of memories. Memories of long-forgotten acquaintances; memories of the day the purple and golden avalanche won; memories of the time your hydrogen generator blew the south-west corner of the lab up—memories haunting, poignant.

THE HILL (Third Serious)

Out on the lonely prairie
It standeth night and day,
It is the home of the echoes,
And there the swallows play.
Many the footsteps that travelled,
Many the cries of delight,
As children and weary grown-up
Climb to behold the sight.
Many the scene it has looked on,
Many the things it beholds,
Sunrise, sunset and the evening star,
But small change the Future holds.
The height of the toddler's ambition
The idler's beloved nest;
People go here weary,
Seeking and finding rest.
Here the fairy bells tinkle,
Here the wild flowers grow;
Over its summit day after day
The warm Chinook winds blow.
It stands like a page of history,
The "Prairie Outpost" still;
A landmark to the traveller,
But just an old, brown hill.

—Ruth Crawford



C. C. I. (First)

There's no compliment so pleasing,
There's no honor quite so high,
Than to hear a person saying,
She's a girl from C. C. I.
For there is no other "colleege,"
That stands out, from other schools,
Just the same as our dear Central,
All the others—she sure cools.
Perhaps it is her colors
So royal, with their gold!
Perhaps it is that reverence
Is shown, to schools so old!
And then it might be; just the folks
That go to her each day
They show such patriotic love,
In the good old Central way.
Oh no, these aren't the reasons
Though these have gained her fame
It's just the way she carries on
And so well—Plays the Game!

—Lorraine McPhail.

VALENTINE

(Second Serious)

I found it in the attic, in an old trunk, tucked away,
 A valentine, of years ago, speaking of yesterday.
 The edges of lace were brown and worn,
 And a cupid's hand was slightly torn,
 The painted scroll was faded from age,
 And tear drops spotted the lovely page.

Before my eyes, a century slipped silently away,
 And as I read the touching words, a vision seemed to play—
 I saw a man, so tall and fine, with love-light in his eyes
 Tendering this token of love, and offering Paradise.
 "I love you" read the slender script—"I love you very much,"
 And there before my very eyes, shy fingers seemed to touch.

The verse went on, now fine and clear
 "Please tell me that you love me dear!"

While a shadowy phantom seemed to move, in the likeness of a kiss
 Permeating all the air, with a wonderful, heavenly bliss,
 For he had found his answer in the smile on her sweet face,
 And now, two shadows melted into a dim and sweet embrace.

I found it in the attic, in an old trunk, tucked away,
 A valentine of years ago, speaking of yesterday.
 It showed the ravages of time; but its soul was clear and bright,
 Filled with undying radiance, it was a wonderful sight:
 Although its edges were worn, although its bows were frayed—
 A wistful perfume lingered and a hint of passion stayed.

—Elva Jean Clark.



A DEED THAT WAS—AND STILL IS

(Second Humorous)

I'm on fire with the desire to write a verse
 But I start out bad and keep getting worse.
 I can't find a theme that will possibly do,
 The right sort of topics are all too few.
 I tax my poor brain till from strain I'm near dead
 But nary a motif pops into my head.
 I don't want to write of books or plays,
 Or lazy, hazy, summer days;
 Flowers and fishes will never do,
 Nor yet the battle of Waterloo.
 There's no inspiration in horses or cows,
 Or pigs or chickens, or binders or ploughs.
 Everyone knows, so why should I tell
 How the great Napoleon Bonaparte fell?
 Columbus, I learned, sailed the ocean blue
 And discovered a land, but that's nothing new.
 So you see I'm a washout, it's got me stuck;
 As a poet I'm punk, so I give it up.

—Betty Watson.

THE BLACK-HAIRED RUNAWAY

(Third Humorous)

The stars were out and shining bright,
The moon was giving out its light,
When down the lane a young man stepped
As everything in this world slept.

He turned in at a garden gate,
He called out loud the girl's name—Kate;
No answer came so in he went
Brushing by the standing bent.

There up the path ahead of him
There stood a figure—oh so slim;
He knew it to be the one that he
Was longing and longing and longing to see.

So up the path he sped like heck,
His arm he put around her neck,
"My dear," he sighed, "I've hunted for you,
So let us clear out—just us two."

Then down the pathway, side by side
The two young things began to stride,
He opened the gate to let her through
"Go on," he said, "I'll follow you."

Once out the gate he paused to stare
On the slick blackness of her hair
And then he heaved a heavy sigh
Said under his breath "My sweetie pie."

The one was the son of a farmer Wright,
Who had been searching all the night,
And the other one with the slick black hair
Was his favorite pony—a little black mare.

—Harold Beare.



TIN CAN HISTORY

There was a time in days of yore
When tin was quite the thing,
And when a knight rode off to war,
A shoehorn placed him in
The full dress suit of bright armor,
Of which the minstrels sing.

But modern times have changed all that;
No longer 'tis the case,
The metal that made suit and hat,
Now holds a higher place
In every human habitat
With food to suit each taste.

—Alton Ryan.

UNDERGRADUATES

Dave Cunningham.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 1

Pete Ried—

Helps to keep the chewing-gum factories busy. A Junior Rugby Star.

Harvey Bliss—

Gets into lots of arguments and is lots of fun.

Gerald Martin—

Quiet and industrious. Speaks with a southern drawl and was a valuable asset to the Senior Rugby Team.

Art Webb—

Pete's sidekick. Enjoys himself in the spare room.

Allan Neal—

Seldom seen and seldom heard. A star on the Senior Rugby Team.

Ted Pulleyblank—

Sets an example for the rest of Room 1 where studying is concerned.

Miles Patterson—

Has his troubles in Chemistry and is reputed to be a bookworm.

Ian Horton—

We hardly ever hear from him, but he does his work conscientiously.

Jack Denholm—

Doesn't take readily to physical exertion—mental work is his specialty.

Max Caplan—

A quiet cheerful fellow who gets along well in French and Latin.

Don MacTavish—

Tall and handsome, with dark curly hair. He's very quiet.

Clair Fledderjohn—

A blushing wee lad who likes to dance. Seen at all the Lits.

Tom Wilson—

An ardent Latin student—at least he's always doing Latin when we see him.

Lovat Fraser—

Wrestling fan and cycling enthusiast. A quiet and industrious member of our class.

Gordon Mair—

Has great capacity for concentration—learns memory-work while others are thinking about it.

Glen Patterson—

A trumpeter. We think he is trying to cultivate a mustache.

Lloyd Graham—

Will never get a sliver in his finger from scratching his head.

Jim Love—

Another quiet member of Room 1 who works hard.

Doug. Howell—

An interesting fellow who revels in work that gives the rest of us headaches.

Robin Corbett—

Always seems to be in a hurry to get his French done. Can argue with the best of us.

Stan Campbell—

We don't hear much from him and so we conclude that he must work.

Cameron McDougall—

Another gum-chewer who is noted for his ties. A Junior puck-chaser.

Gerald Richards—

A curly-top. He aspires to be an author and has written several plays and stories.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 1—Continued.

Chester Clark—

Has a flare for selling lucky tickets and is determined to be a bachelor.

Tom Sibary—

We don't think he will be a Latin Professor. He is still collecting those denizens of the desert cactus.

Bill Werth—

Played on our Senior Rugby Team and was a great asset.

Dave Mansfield—

A good student. He delights in teasing Tucker.

Bill Hog—

Used to be a quiet little lad but now he goes around with the girls.

Abe Tucker—

His ambition is to beat Gibson in school work. A fiery orator.

Sheldon Gibson—

A fine student who is a mathematician.

Ogden Turner—

In his spare time he builds aeroplanes. Often seen with Gibson.

Alton Ryan—

A member of the Senior Rugby Team who likes to chew the rag with Nies, Wilkins and Werth. The author of the Great Lovers series.

Cecil Howell—

Likes to play the violin and to tinker with aeroplanes.

Robert Nies—

Played Senior Rugby. Is the wit of our class.

Bob Kredentser—

A brilliant violinist who likes to wander around the halls. Has his troubles with Arithmetic problems.

Jack Wodell —

Strong silent and studious. Excels at Composition and thinking up similes.

Bill Brookes-Avey—

Wit and Humor Editor for the Analecta. Says he can get out of any detention.

Stuart Newhall—

He seems quiet and studious but is full of fun.

Norman McLean—

Waltzes with the best of us. His ancestors hailed from Emerald Lake.

Mitsuo Kuwahara—

A good student who is always up to some mischief. Delights in preparing homework for absentees.

Donald Carmichael—

Plays a violin in the school orchestra. A brilliant student.

Bob Wilkins—

Only see him when he comes in for his books. Seems to have a weakness for French (?).

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 5

Geraldine Cope—

A member of the Hi-Y Club, an excellent badminton player, and an expert at annoying the teachers.

Anne Makar—

A skilful violinist and a good student but she does not neglect her social duties. A new Phi Beta Zi girl.

Joan Moore—

Her big interest in life is horses but she takes time off for Hi-Y meetings. She doesn't like teas, either.

Mary Edwards—

Mary is up to the minute on the hit tunes and imitates Eddie Duchin on the piano. Dramatic enthusiast.

Florence Edwards—

Since she returned from the coronation her one complaint against Canadians is that they don't appreciate her puns like the English did.

Lois Pearson—

A very quiet young lady whose perfect coiffure is the envy of everyone.

Prudence Bamlett—

She languidly strolls from class to class humming current songs, but you should see her on skates. Alpha Gamma Chi member.

Lois McLean—

A sport enthusiast who does not think school work very interesting. Another Alpha Gamma Chi member.

Violet McDougall—

A promising singer who likes gay neckties. Her ambition is to sing with Nelson Eddy.

Verna Bounds—

Likes skating and dancing and is an enthusiastic hockey fan. She is a Macabee.

Mary Mundie—

When Mary isn't busy getting high marks she is skating or strumming on the piano.

Janet Gray—

A petite blonde Council member who listens silently while the others argue.

Marjorie Stinton—

Rows and rows of perfect curls without the use of modern inventions. Loves to ride on her speedy sorrel horse.

Olive Millard—

Rumor has it that Hollywood is her goal but officially she intends to be a reporter.

Margaret MacMillan—

Good-natured and always ready to laugh—even at a feeble pun.

May Farrel—

One of the highly decorative members of our room whose pet aversion is homework.

Deidre Hughes—

Her voice brought her wide renown, but we've always known she was tops. Omega Gamma Beta member.

Aileen Miller—

A tall blonde who harmonizes with Deidre. A new member of the Omega Gamma Beta.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 5—Continued.

Betty Ford—

Always has a sunny smile for everyone. First in Room 5 to wear a Page Boy bob.

Marion Hanson—

A blonde young miss with a ready smile for her many friends in the school.

Agnes Campbell—

Agnes is noted for her good disposition. She is an excellent ping-pong player.

Lillian Maginley—

She's quiet but "Still waters run deep." Ambition: to be a poetess.

Jeanette Munroe—

Happy-go-lucky—She looks for fun and usually finds it.

Shirley McFarlane—

Quiet, shy and well-liked by everyone. Skates, skis and plays basketball.

Ruth McLaren—

Gets good marks but never seems weighed down by studies. She is a new Hi-Y girl.

Pat Jamieson—

Very mischievous, but the teachers forgive her for her pranks because of good marks.

Tirzah Patrick—

The mystery girl whom we do not often see. Perhaps she prefers the male population.

Miriam Chertkow—

A new-comer to Central who already has many friends and a fine school spirit.

Nora McFarland—

A well-known and popular Hi-Y girl. Verne Ridgway's special chum. Spends her spare time skiing.

Vera Conlin—

Her big interest is music. A great booster of the Calgary Boys' Band. Hustles her brothers off to practice.

Kathleen Ferguson—

She seems to sail through school work without much exertion. Her slalom slides give her more trouble.

Irma Brown—

Seldom seen without Bernice. Has a sweet smile and gay personality.

Bernice Henderson—

A shy little miss who often blushes violently in French period.

Ruth Crawford—

Ruth gets high marks in exams and high scores in badminton games.

Betty Bullas—

Betty has no cares or worries but a merry giggle—especially in Latin period.

Pat Beech—

A basketball star. Pat is responsible for a lot of the fun in our room.

Marian Neilson—

A confirmed bookworm. Skating is her favorite sport.

Ella Sande—

Able captain of the basketball team. Another of her recreations is flirting.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 5—Continued.

Marion Mayhew—

A good sport who gets a lot of fun out of life. A new member of the Omega Gamma Beta.

Isobel Farr—

Hi-Y girl with personality plus. Supplies the teachers with chalk and keeps them busy quieting laughter.

Betty Horne—

Betty does everything well, especially skating. Usually quite calm in spite of her beautiful red hair.

Mary Louise Smith—

A Hi-Y girl and council member for Room 5. Despite her scholastic reputation she is always the centre of much merriment.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 6

Allan Ambury—

Has his beauty sleep every afternoon in the Geography period. Could make high marks with a little exertion, but . . .

Fred Anderson —

Can generally be seen fighting Carrol or catching up on his homework before the second bell. Gets along well with the girls.

George Brigden—

Has a wise crack for all and a smile for every girl. His ambition is to get through school with a minimum of work and a maximum of pleasure.

Grover Brotherston—

Always willing to join in the merry-making. We don't know his opinion of the weaker sex.

Allan Carrol—

Is the smallest member of the class but can usually make himself heard. We never see him without a grin on his face or a twinkle in his eye.

Bill Carruthers—

A capable leader of the Swingsters Orchestra. He shines at saxophone playing but school work seems to dull his lustre.

Bill Cowan—

His motto: A good student should be seen and seldom heard. His hobby: Building model aeroplanes. His reputation: fine.

Ross Creighton—

"Ahem! Cough! Cough! Stand aside there my good fellow," seems to be his favorite expression. Adds a little humor to the class with his irritating puns.

George Dahl—

Can always be counted on for a good joke or an excuse for not having his homework done. A care-free student whose least worry is school.

Art Davies—

Played great football at end for the Central Seniors. He plays goal for the Incas of the Juvenile League. An asset to any school and an all round sport.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 6—Continued.

Gerald Eliot—

A hard worker who is very good-humored and always has a wise crack in the bag.

Ian Hay—

A step across the street and he's in school. He tinkers around with school work and for a hobby tinkers around with model engines. A popular student.

George Hill—

Is usually arguing with Silver about women or homework. He always has a race with the second bell and usually loses. A new Delta Rho member.

Jim Horne—

Thinks that school is the best place to enjoy himself. Keeps his girl a mystery.

Eric Jensen—

"Coach" to you. His coaching did much towards getting the Junior Rugby team into the playoffs. A capable student and Room 6's best debater.

Jack McNeil—

Without a doubt the best dressed male in the room. Is often seen with a lot of books but we wonder if it's not just for show.

Bill McLeod—

Comes to school when there is nothing else to do. He usually catches up on sleep during the classes. A popular student.

Ian Mackie—

Surprises everyone when he comes to school for a few days. He is a skater of no mean ability.

Claude Matthews—

He likes to wear flashy clothes and is no woman-hater. He is quite a conversationalist where women are concerned.

Dave Moulding—

Is the scholastic representative for Room 6. A quiet fellow but well liked. Is a debater of renown, but words with the fairer sex are few and far between.

Maurice Silver—

A great skater and ladies' man up at the Bankview rink. Takes school easy because after all there are more things in life than just school.

Oakley Naftel—

Has an ear to ear grin and a guffaw which can be heard all over the room. He ranks near the top when marks are being given out.

Shirley Somerville—

A member of the Kappa Zi. A popular, personality girl.

Betty Campbell—

A small, dark miss who pals around with Shirley. An M.C. at the Lits. and quite a poetess.

Molly McCaskill—

Her eyes are always sparkling with mischief, and her chuckle is often heard.

Doris Todd—

Doesn't make much noise but has her share of the fun.

Pauline Wright—

A quiet lass who is a real pal.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 6—Continued.

Margaret McKay—

Likes to skate and talk in spare. One of our Council representatives.

Mary Sherman—

Sherry started late but she's right in the fight. A member of the A.S.R.

Florence Shaw—

A fine basketball player who came from Edmonton.

Christine Willox—

Plays guard on the Senior Basketball Team. A Hi-Y member and a real pal.

Dorothy Dawson—

Comes from East Calgary and does her best to uphold the scholastic standing of Room 6.

Ruth Andrew—

A vivacious little lass who likes to play basketball.

Audrey Masson—

A member of the Kappa Zi. She enters into everything with a smile.

Jean Newcombe—

A forward on the Senior Basketball Team and the Captain of a house team. Audrey's pal.

Agnes Wood—

Arrives at 8.45 every morning so that she can lend her homework. Often seen with Betty Bullas.

Jacqueline Trusler—

Is quiet and seems to enjoy school. Plays the violin in the school orchestra.

Marion Davies—

Is a good student and quite a golfer.

Marion Thackray—

Believes in that old slogan, "Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Bea Underhill—

A quiet girl who lets the rest of us make the noise.

Helen Diamond—

Has golden hair and a nice smile. A member of the P.B.Z.

Florence Smillie—

Just a popular little girl with a big smile.

Peggy Blair—

Is very quiet but has lots of fun. Likes to ride.

Jackie Elliott—

Laughs and frequently helps to amuse us. A good sport who is liked by everyone.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 7

Geoffory Bate—

Has curly red hair and a sunny smile. Spends his time telling jokes.

Dave Cunningham—

A first rate sport and playing manager of the Bronks Hockey Team.

Barry Baker—

A little man, rather shy, but a good sport. Leaving the girls alone until he is twenty-one.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 7—Continued.

Jack Beare—

Quiet and studious. A fine chap who plays basketball.

Dick Bond—

Council member, scandal monger and basketball player.

Art Moore—

His ambition is to be an auto salesman so that he can sleep in comfort during working hours.

Leonard Gray—

On cold days he comes to school with his shirt open and then wonders how he catches cold.

Art Howard—

Has a sunny disposition and plays basketball and baseball.

Wilbur Lomas—

Wears a perpetual grin. Plays basketball and does not believe in homework of any kind.

Fred Maiden—

Plays basketball and collects stamps and feminine hearts.

Jack Rhodes—

This lad has a cheery smile and a word for everyone. Likes all sports.

Ralph Young—

Hates physical jerks but certainly loves his candy. Smiles constantly.

Tom Yearwood —

Is an optimist and likes the girls. Plays hockey and baseball.

Charlie Kennedy—

Goes in for sports and is well liked by everyone.

Alec MacGregor—

Spends a lot of time on his school work, but still has time to play basketball.

Gordon McLean—

Has twinkling eyes and a cheerful smile. Good at sports.

Warren McRae—

One of the silent men of our room with wavy hair and grey eyes. Plays a good game of basketball.

Jack McComb—

Is tall and dark and a demon at basketball.

George Mitchell—

Plays many sports but excels at rugby.

Betty Edmanson—

Is quite an artist and would like to take a course in Dramatics.

Margaret Robertson—

Minds her own business and endeavors to be as quiet as she can. Likes to swim and skate.

Yvonne Mackie—

Goes in for sports and social activities. Figure skating and bowling are her favorites.

Emmy Olsen—

Does quite a bit of hard work in her spare time. We scarcely ever hear from her.

Mabel McEwan—

Seems to follow the motto "the only way to have a friend is to be one."

Margaret Neve—

Her greatest desire is to play a solo on her ukulele in perfect tune.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 7—Continued.

Audrey Dykes —

Her ambition is to be a teacher at C.C.I., and her favorite sports are skating and basketball.

Marian Gibson—

Has a hard time evading detentions so that she will be able to go and have her meetings with the Clubs.

Edna Tambling—

Wants to be a dietician. Every now and then we hear her working on her gum during classes.

Margaret Buchan—

Is a fine skater. Her chief ambition is to be a private secretary to some wealthy man.

Dorothy Tempest—

Noted for her vocal disturbances — sings in perfect (?) harmony. Will probably be in Grand Opera.

Mary MacRae—

Is very quiet and does not go in for sports.

Frances Taylor—

A whiz at algebra. She likes to knit and sew and makes all her own clothes.

Arla King—

Wants to be either an authoress or an actress. Likes riding and tennis.

Helen Garner—

Went to the States, but returned to honor us with her presence.

Eileen Cattle—

Is very short but says "Better short than not at all." Likes to swim and play basketball.

Roxie Anderson—

A Glee Club member and a very self-reliant girl. Aspires to be a dietician.

Mary Newcombe—

Aims to be a stenographer. Plays basketball on a House League Team.

Betty McRoberts—

A dark-haired girl who is always in a race with the second bell.

Nancy Hanna—

One of Room 7's chatter-boxes. She likes to fancy skate—perhaps she will be a second Sonja Henie.

Doreen Brotherston—

A smiling lassie who likes to ski and swim.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8

George Burrell—

New Delta Rho member and masterful M.C. of the Lits. Made the Great Lovers Series.

Fred McKenzie—

Was a member of the City Pee-Wee Softball Champs. Always turned around conversing with his neighbors.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8—Continued.

Stan Fairbairn—

Winner of the Gordon Emery Memorial Cup, a Hi-Y member and Treasurer of the Students' Council. Played Senior Rugby and Basketball. In great demand by the fairer sex.

Bill Haun—

Small and wiry. Plays a good game of hockey and is a real asset to Room 8.

Roddy Dewar—

Possesses a head of curly red hair. Only comes part of the time in the morning.

Burnette Binkley—

Smiles continually. Appears to have no special interest.....except girls.

Allan Carlyle—

Quiet and studious. Fond of arguing with the teachers.

Sam Malton—

Room 8's Pee-Wee mascot. Is the centre of a group of girls between periods.

Alice Macadam—

A late-comer to C.C.I. and the only girl in Room 8. She didn't stay long and we don't blame her.

Max Ninian—

Popular with everyone. Has a smile and way of fixing his hair that the girls seem to like.

George Taylor—

Watch him searching the Weeper Scandal Column. Initiated into the Delta Rho last fall. Takes an active part in all school activities.

Ralph Goodchild—

Quite unlike most in his part of the Room — he's quiet. Always makes good marks.

John Bull—

We will never forget his oral on his cycle trip to the south. A good scout.

Reg McInnes—

Gets all his exercise going down to the office for late-slips. Seen at all the school dances.

Dick Broad—

Fond of joking with the girls who sit behind him in Chem. period. Always smiling.

Doug. Tempest—

Our Students' Council representative. A member of the K.K.T. and a baseball player.

Hilton Boucher—

Likes (?) doing square-roots—but manages to smile through it all.

Harry Stevens—

Another quiet lad whom we all like.

Ronnie Davidson—

Has a large collection of bobbie-pins. Likes the people who wear them.

Lawrence MacLean—

Fond of joking with the teachers and Parker.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8—Continued.

Fred Parker—

Gave us all a laugh by finding an Embalmer's License—he will probably follow that profession.

Jim Frisken—

Has fair curly hair and a pleasant personality. A fine fellow.

Murray Scott—

Only speaks when spoken to and takes his work seriously.

Frank Silver—

Spends the greater part of his time looking for people that have their homework done.

Ernest Pescod—

Drives around in a old model-T. Noted for his wisecracks.

Barry Newport—

Keeps us laughing and manages to keep his school work in good shape too.

Albert Ravvin—

Carries on a feud with Parker. It keeps him busy getting to school on time in the mornings.

John Butler—

Sits at the back of the room with the wisecrackers but that doesn't seem to affect his marks.

Ivan Brade—

Admits he likes the Western girls better than the C.C.I. girls.

David Ragg—

Likes to start spelling bees in Comp. periods.

Bob McKay—

Plays Rugby. A good sport who is well liked.

George Miller—

Manages to keep out of trouble. Popular with everyone.

Howard Mitchell—

A real fellow who is well liked.

Weston Brooks—

A Hi-Y member who plays basketball. Noted for his Wilf. Carter-like yodelling at the Lits. Shy and apparently a woman-hater.

Ken Yeabsley—

Lives on a ranch and shines at arithmetic and fun.

Rodney MacNeill—

Attracts no attention by noise making. Seems to do well in his school work.

Vic Robson—

Well liked for his curly hair and fine personality.

Jim Ward—

Member of the Gamma Phi. Has a smile for everyone.

Hu Harries—

Member of the Gamma Phi and the Leaders' Corps at the Y.M.C.A. Noted for his wisecracks and his pranks.

Gordon Brown—

Often seen driving a new Ford. Just manages to make the door as the second bell rings.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 8—Continued.

Jim Maxie —

Popular figure around C.C.I.'s halls. Regular in his attendance at school dances.

Raymond Salmon —

Occupies a front seat and collects army badges.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 9

Marie Weir—

Her flashy smile and blonde locks have inspired many a boy.

Jean Riddle—

A little girl with a friendly smile and a pleasant personality.

Margaret West—

This is her first year at C.C.I. and we're glad she came.

Barbara Nadeau—

A mixture of fun and seriousness. Pearl's sidekick.

Evelyn Orr—

A joy to the teachers and an ardent stamp collector.

Francis Campbell—

A recent addition to our halls. Hopes to sail around the world.

Mary Simington—

Seems to have trouble with her Chemistry, but don't we all?

Jean Pecover—

One of the youngest pupils in the room and one of the nicest.

Lois Stabback—

Noted for her lovely smile. Has a word for everyone.

Jerry Stevens—

Has a mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

Alice Snoxell—

A girl from the country who aspires to be a school teacher.

Gwen Richardson—

Patiently helps the rest of us with our work.

Marjorie Thompson—

One of the cleverest in the room. Always willing to lend her homework.

Anna Walkoff—

Plays the violin well and is pretty too.

Sarah Sidorsky—

A small brunette who says little but knows much.

Marjorie Rhynes—

Is lots of fun and has large blue eyes.

Dorothy Nielsen—

Comes from Standard. Is full of pep and fun.

Dorothy Campbell—

A chatter-box who belongs to the Chi Beta Rho.

Mary Scarratt —

This blue-eyed funster hails from North Battleford and comes to school for the fun of it.

Mary Rhodes—

Has a genius for getting into trouble but she can take it.

Garry Tarves —

Noted for her million dollar smile and her tapping feet.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 9—Continued.

- Pearl Slater—**
Full of pep but a conscientious worker.
- Gwen Simmons—**
A violinist of no small ability. Often the centre of a chattering group.
- Agnes Pirie—**
A quiet and modest girl who always does her homework.
- Jean Redman—**
A good all-round sport. Collecting lucky charms is her hobby.
- Murta Steward—**
Boys will never go stag to dances while Murta's here.
- Margaret Wood—**
An impish little girl who will laugh at anything.
- Dorothy Walford—**
It is said that small people are jovial and witty and Dorothy is no exception.
- Arlene Price—**
Very blonde, very popular and a real sport. A member of the Kappa Zeta Beta.
- Nora Plastow—**
Is sweet sixteen and lots of fun.
- Kay Pearson—**
A member of the Alpha Sigma Rho. Has numerous detentions and likes to wear bright lipsticks.
- Elinor Jensen—**
A witty, blonde damsel who keeps things rolling.
- Jean Weir—**
A popular and clever student who plays guard for the Bronks.
- Shirley Walker—**
Riding is her favorite sport and she spends her holidays on a Bragg Creek Ranch.
- Jean McKillop—**
A personality girl and a member of the Chi Beta Rho.
- Madelyn Sackville—**
Seldom seen without Ruth Gill. A good sport in everything.
- Doris Thorssen—**
A quiet miss who comes from a family of clever students, and is no exception.
- Doris Eastham—**
Has attractive blue eyes, and is our pride and joy.
- Jean Conway—**
There is lots of grey matter under her curly auburn hair.
- Gladys Oldaker—**
Likes to skate. Struggles through Physics with the rest of us.
- Marjorie Tanner—**
The aptitude she shows towards her studies astounds the rest of us.
- Barbara Tigner—**
Is a whiz on the basketball floor and plays for the Red Wings.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 10

Kent Green—

A hard-working boy generally seen pouring over a book. Chats with his neighbors occasionally.

Ray Heimbecker—

Thinks more of photography, model building and skiing, than home-work.

Donald Head—

A member of the 28th Scout Troop, who takes the prize for getting the most detentions.

Gordon Mabee—

A good figure skater who is not so fond of school.

Gordon Bried—

Takes life easy and doesn't strain himself doing homework. How dry a class would be without him.

Ivan Morris—

A new-comer about whom we know little, except that he is a good sport.

Arthur Buckwell—

A quiet fellow who studies hard and draws in his spare time.

Bert Kelloway—

An all-round sportsman who excels at Basketball and Hockey. Plays defence on the Jimmies.

Frank Harris—

An expert at radio and a good artist, but the teachers put a cramp in his wit.(?)

Harry Brown—

One of the bright students of Room 10. Seems to take an interest in everything.

John Robertson—

An Algebra genius. A friend to punsters—he'll laugh at anything.

Don Conacher—

Quite adept at doing square roots to 7 decimal places, usually on account of his high voice.

Bruce Collins—

His ambition is to be a lawyer. An ardent hockey fan and a good student.

Ted Geffen—

Starts all discussions in Social Studies period. Claims he wants to be a doctor.

Howard Griffith—

A popular fellow who has been around C. C. I. for several years.

Leslie Gush—

Amuses his fellow students by talking aloud in class.

Ned Hanning—

An authority on the vices and virtues of cars. A woman-hater.

Dick Solley—

Likes all social activities. His hobby is model building.

Bill Love—

Mr. McAdam's right hand man for doing experiments etc. Likes to look through a microscope.

David Dwarkin—

Noted for his various brands of gum. Always does his Latin homework—in Biology period.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 10—Continued.

Bob Hahn—

Comes to school to fill in time between meals. Certainly livens up the class.

Rex Hammill—

Very energetic over anything except hard work. Plays a good game of basketball.

John Shipley—

Chiefly noted for his yawning in Latin period.

Arthur Johnston—

At Christmas he proved to be Room 10's best scholar. Has travelled a great deal.

Mac Love—

Usually quiet and docile. Seems to save up his fun for one big time.

Don Davies—

Room 10's best dancer. Often heard telling jokes that were old when Adam was a boy.

Brian Grineau—

Only 4 ft. 9 ins. tall—or short, but two of mind to one of matter.

Harold Gugins—

He works hard—occasionally—and likes to put tacks on seats.

Buster McCalla—

A budding pianist in the school orchestra.

Archie Campbell—

Another pianist. He claims descendency from "False Argyle." Maybe he's got something there.

Paul Planche—

Goes around with Campbell and gets all his comps. out of the Reader's Digest.

Charles Hamilton—

Belongs to several clubs and plays in 2 or 3 orchestras.

Grant Dunsmore—

A quiet lad who never borrows homework. Expert at short shots in basketball.

Bill Brown—

Our representative on the Students' Council. Likes horses.

Phil Illingworth—

Belongs to the Y.M.C.A. and seems interested in all current events.

Jack Staines—

Was an asset to the Junior Rugby squad. Scores at all the Lits.

Frank Speakman—

Is one of Room 10's top students. The only boy in the room who really combs his hair. Interested in ships.

Norman Harcourt—

Claims that he owns a 1938 Chevrolet. A ladies man.

Jim Adams—

Says he only plays at hockey but we know better. Likes all sports.

Bud Lennox—

One of the biggest in the room. Takes nearly all the sports in his stride.

Noel Langham—

Always rushing around from one dance to another. Continually borrowing homework.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 11

Art Follett—

Played rugby for the juniors and toots in the school orchestra. Finishes his lunch at school with a few candies.

Jim Clark—

A studious lad with a real drawl. He's a fine goalkeeper.

Eric Simmons—

A crooner who is strong, handsome and very popular with the fair sex.

George Smillie—

Out to win a Rhodes Scholarship. Played Junior Rugby and is noted for his witicisms.

Glen Dunn—

Is five feet, two inches tall and has blue eyes. He's a good scholar too.

John Windsor—

A Senior Rugby player. He likes to mix a little pleasure with his school work.

Jim Lochhead—

Stars at Hockey and Softball. A favorite with the girls and well liked by the boys.

Ross Cleeve—

A fine fellow and a good actor—but he didn't join the Dramatic Club.

Tom Poapst—

A wit and humorist. There are no dull moments when he is around.

Bill Vanner—

Small in stature but mighty in learning. He is rather quiet but he gives the rest of us helpful hints.

Jack Stearne—

A real gun-packing cowboy from Texas. He seems to like the Geology class.

Jim Carpenter—

A small fellow who has a liking for Detective Stories — during school hours.

Ted Chapman—

A strong, silent man. Never seen without Wally Wright.

Wallace Wright—

Interested in Physics. Has the best seat in the room — right at the back.

Irvine Kelsey—

Played Senior Rugby. His chief delight is breaking feminine hearts.

Douglas Illot—

A handsome, blonde fellow who keeps his girlish figure by worrying over his Algebra.

Cyril Goble—

A fine student and softball pitcher. Likes to autograph his Social Studies book.

Alstair Ross—

Although studious he stands up well in a chalk fight.

Arthur Houck—

Art is an all-round sport but his specialty is softball.

Jack MacBeth—

A member of the Junior Hockey and Rugby Teams. Maybe that accounts for the incompleted homework.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 11—Continued.

Eric Brock—

He is dark and handsome and a real heart-breaker.

Burt Lake—

Would like school if it wasn't for the work. Quite a Hockey player.

Jack McDonald—

Is never seen without MacBeth. His hobby is developing photographs.

Ian Mann—

Sits in a front seat but certainly makes the chalk hum about. Quite a musician.

Don Shaw—

Plays in the school orchestra and is one of our best students.

Don Jones—

Spends every other Monday afternoon reading the Weeper and so keeps up to date with current events.

Bill Cummer—

Quiet and studious, but we have seen him taking naps and so have the teachers.

Dick Corbet—

Doesn't work all the time but he stands at the top of the class.

Jack Martin—

Plays on the Junior Hockey Team and seems to enjoy Social Studies period — judging by the noise.

Terry McCloy—

Short and fair. Manages to get his work done — sometimes.

Ken Rae—

Is an officer in the Sea Cadets. A good sport and a fine fellow.

Waring Johnston—

We don't hear much from Warie, but the teachers do. Goes around with McKay and Co.

Bruce Wright—

Bruce likes the girls. A friend to everyone, and a member of the Alpha Beta Kappa.

Jim Fletcher—

Looks like Lorry Peden on wheels. Full of fun and a Hi-Y member.

Bill Pippard—

Just call him Tiny. One of the brightest stars on the Junior Rugby Team. Hobby: Putting his fist through windows.

Tim Corbet—

A lucky fellow who doesn't pay to see the Rugby Games. A scholar and a skier.

Ted Page—

Has an angelic (?) expression. A crack shot with pea-shooters and other dangerous weapons.

Bill Paulson—

Congratulations, Bill, on the way you have advanced in French. Bill is quiet, a good worker.

Douglas Austin—

Makes the class roar with laughter, and then politely asks them to be quiet so he can work. Plays rugby and cracks jokes for the juniors.

Wylie Jenkinson—

Wylie stars with the ladies and would have starred at rugby, except for sickness.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 11—Continued.

Leslie Libin—

Les may be strong, but he's not a silent man. Can always pick the winners of the eastern hockey games. Quite a fellow.

John Impey—

Central's famous two-miler, who uses his speed to capture the girls.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 12

Robin Smallwood—

Delights in slapping "goolash" on his hair and chewing gum. Says he gets strong by eating Krispy Krunches.

Leo Lane—

A signaller in the army. His hobby is collecting late-slips from the office.

Milton Russel—

A chalk-slinger. Gets most of his practice in school with Wetherall as his target.

John Sketchley—

Another chalk-slinger. He and Russel are always having competitions, and the score is still a tie.

Jack Raskin—

Divides his school hours between writing lines and slinging chalk.

Jack Switzer—

Plays basketball for a number of teams and really excels in this sport.

Lorne Roberts—

Plays a good game of basketball and seems to spend most of his school time poking Raskin.

Weir Webber—

Misses a lot of school but he always has a good excuse.

Albert Fearey—

Played hockey for the Jimmies and Spades and is famed for his running. Is the ringleader in most of Room 12's pranks.

Malcolm MacKenzie—

Enjoys skiing and golf. Dances like a second-hand road grader and wrote the biographies for Room 12.

Sam Belzberg—

Likes to ask the teachers dumb questions and his ambition is to ask over 100 a day.

Charlie Seal—

The quiet boy in Room 12. Spends most of his time sleeping.

John Whittaker—

Says he's a woman-hater but we don't believe him. Is always getting high marks.

Gordon Sellar—

Plays hockey and badminton. Another woman-hater.

Harry Marshall—

Says that he's going to get over 2 per cent in Algebra — sometime.

Ian Stuart—

Our Council Representative. Played hockey and rugby for the Juniors. Has lots of fun in Social Studies.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 12—Continued.

Tom Rowan—

Teams up with Stuart to make Social Studies period enjoyable for us.
An active member of the Y.M.C.A.

Harry Wood—

Spends most of his time drawing cartoons of Aberhart. A woman-killer. (?)

Charlie Templeton—

Plays a good game of badminton. Studies when he's at school.

Bob Robertson—

Played rugby and hockey for the Juniors. A good dancer too.

Fred MacKay—

A good hockey player. The girls seem to like his curly hair.

Ernie Venus—

A corporal in the army and a top-notch basketball player.

Bill Tambling—

Likes to read "Western Magazines" during school hours.

Cliff Watts—

Wears very loud socks and sweaters. Outside of that he's perfectly civilized.

Bob Weaver—

Another reader of Western Stories who thinks up lots of our pranks.
A past master in the art of looking innocent.

Joe Spencer—

An excellent shot when it comes to throwing brushes. Popular with everyone — girls included.

Ronald Funnell—

Plays the Spanish guitar and sings. Makes a better Hill-billy than most Hill-billies.

Tom Williams—

Tom had a piece of gum; he chewed it fast and slow,
And everywhere that Tom went, his gum was sure to go.

Fred Wetherall—

Some day he hopes to get by without any detentions.

Harry Delane—

A Scholarship winner last year. Spends his spare time reading Aero-plane Magazines.

Gilbert Dietiker—

All the girls admire his curly hair and some of them even bring him gum.

Malcolm Walton—

Prefers blondes, brunettes and red-heads. Studies hard.

Louis Wex—

Another gum-chewer who claims he could fill at least two waste-paper baskets with it.

Arthur Roberts—

Used to disturb the class with his snoring until we bought him a muffler. Now we can sleep in peace.

Henry Wong—

Always seems to be smiling. Hank is a real fellow.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 13

Peggy Brass—

"Better late than never," is her motto. She is an Alpha Sigma Rho-er, and lots of fun.

Margaret Moore—

A recent addition to a private club and quite a favorite in Room 13. It must be her million dollar personality.

Doris Sheline—

An impetuous giggle, a burst of song,
An innocent look that doesn't belong.
—That's Doris of the K.Z.B.

Janet Horn—

A promising young cartoonist. You can tell her by that school-girl giggle.

Lorraine Charbonneau—

This blue-eyed blonde proudly exhibits a Western sorority pin. Likes dancing better than history.

Winnie Thompson—

An asset to the Senior Basketball Team. She has a flare for Algebra and movie-stars.

Peggy MacRae—

Another artist. Her motto is "Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you."

Joan Foxcroft—

Small, sweet and sixteen. Likes to draw and collect stamps, but thinks homework is a waste of time.

Vivian McDonald—

Takes life as it comes and says "Tomorrow is another day." Completes that quartette—Dot, Betty, Isabel and Vivian.

Dorothy Hicks—

She enjoys life as a whole, school in general and having a good time in particular.

Isabel Howson—

A sweet young lass. Prefers the wide open spaces to the confines of school.

Betty Ragg—

An economist. But history is only one of her accomplishments. We couldn't do without her.

Monica Pyle—

Another C.C.I. representative of the Western A.S.R. Her flashing eyes and smile capture many a heart.

Shirley Dunsmore—

It is against her principles to study much. A good sport and a colossal talker.

Joan Oliver—

A grand girl and a real Centralite. She wears Hi-Y, Kappa Zeta Beta and Badminton pins.

Irene Robertson—

A swell person to know. She's a proud member of the Kappa Zi and one of Wrigley's best customers.

Mary Bingham—

This studious girl is liked by all. She is lots of fun and has her difficulties in Arithmetic too.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 13—Continued.

Doreen Blair—

An active member of the Hi-Y who has a smile for everyone. She likes to dance, too.

Doris Launder—

A member of the Chi Beta Rho. Her merry chatter cheers everyone but the teachers.

Ann Pahl—

Came from Hanna. Is always helping the rest of us out of difficulties.

Joyce Purdy—

A member of the Chi Beta Rho, who seems to like all the boys from St. Mary's.

Doris Thompson—

The Room's best student. Is a great chatter-box, and shines at debating.

Marise Tempest—

Slid down from Banff for her first year at C.C.I. She is rather shy, but is really lots of fun.

Betty Watson—

A very popular young miss who belongs to the Hi-Y. She has her share of detentions too.

Jean Loudfoot—

An ardent (?) student of Latin. Is well liked and is often seen with Molly.

Helen Caldwell—

Uses our room for books only. Has trouble getting to school by 9 o'clock.

Marian Evans—

The artist of Room 13. She plays a good game of Badminton but doesn't like Algebra.

Mary Gordon—

A gay co-ed who is the constant companion of Ella Sande.

Jean Shaw—

A very quiet girl but an excellent student. Always glad to lend a hand.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 14

Gladys Boothman—

One of the few real nightingales in Room 14. Plays a good game of basketball.

Irene Blaylock—

An English lass. Never in school before the first bell and seldom before the second.

Roberta Gardner—

Her favorite subject is French. A brown-eyed belle who doesn't intend to be an old maid.

Phyllis Goodrich—

Sits in the noisiest section of the room. Her laugh is the worry of her life.

Francis Gurevitch—

Finds Annabelle much more interesting than Algebra. However her marks never seem to be affected.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 14—Continued.

Annabelle Grobermann—

Playing the piano and giggling are her pastimes. Seldom seen without Francis.

Hazel Moore—

Has a monopoly on most of the brains in the room. Another Deanna Durbin.

Margery Jones—

Another Beethoven in the making. Her pastime is chewing up pencils.

Margaret Jefferson—

Knows all there is to know about basketball and wasting time.

Betty Kline—

One of those lucky people who have "it." Is very quiet but we never forget she is there.

Helen Wells—

A pert young miss who is lots of fun, and might make a good movie star.

Jean Merrifield—

One of our cleverest. She makes a good Class President.

Helen Merrick—

Likes Dramatics. Very quiet but extra nice to know.

Marion McNeill—

Although she missed a lot of school we know her efforts will get her there. A good sport.

Margaret Urquhart—

Hails from the country. Only takes a few subjects with our class.

Gerrie McCall—

Lives for the four o'clock bell and seems to find the world rather boring.

Jean Nelson—

Spends part of her time making resolutions and the rest breaking them. Likes Ping-Pong.

June Lindley—

Very quiet until you know her. Worries continually over her high-pitched voice.

Ruth Gill—

She only takes a few subjects in our class but we often read about her in the Weeper.

Nora Johnston—

Our Latin wizard. Helps to cheer up her part of the room.

Kaye Luke—

A gorgeous blonde with a southern drawl. Always begging gum from Ducky.

Helen Mayer—

Kaye's shadow. Loves to dance and has never been known to hurry.

Una Hainsworth—

Another Dramatic artist. Seldom seen without Irene.

Ruth Gurevitch—

Finds a joke in everything. Wears smart clothes and is a musician.

Bernice King—

Her special ambition is to know, for once, what homework she has. A second soprano.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 14—Continued.

Margaret Macaulay—

One of the nicest persons you'll ever know. Studies hard to get higher marks in Physics.

Thelma Hill—

Ducky loves to chew gum. Finds Dramatics too boring. Never seen without the latest hair-do.

Gwen Henderson—

A future Dickens. One of the quiet kind who get there.

Shirley MacFarlane—

Although she came late in the term there is little doubt that she'll beat most of us in the long run.

Margaret Hurst—

Has a pleasant word and a merry smile for everyone.

Doreen Henry—

A small bunch of friendliness with a big heart.

Betty Hall—

Is one of the few who come to school just to study.

Lucille Ilott—

A redhead with a bit of a temper. A good sport. Seldom seen without Lois.

Jane Jones—

In this case "good things are done up in small parcels." Generally in a quiet corner chanting Latin verbs.

Kay Jewitt

A friendly girl with red hair who is always willing to oblige.

Nora Kidd—

Sweet and smiling. Algebra is easy for her.

Doris Kerr—

Helps us through some boring classes by saying the wrong thing at the right time.

Alberta Lamont—

Has a pleasing personality and is always willing to lend her homework when she has it done.

Marguerite Machum—

Always has a joke on hand. Often heard giggling. Writes poetry (?).

Dorothy Maginley—

A basketball fiend who looks forward to the hockey season all year.

Gwen McLean—

Likes music and dancing. Hopes to become a skier.

Joan MacLean—

Our elocutionist. A friend to everyone.

Claire Jackson—

Is our Council representative and a real good one too. Is a good sport and is well liked by everyone. Our biographer.



BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 15

Ingrid Franzen—

A blonde who hopes to become a nurse. She is a good skater.

Vera Freeman—

Is rarely seen without Pearl Brown. She is very quiet and plays both the piano and violin well.

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 15—Continued.

Edith Gaston—

A real sport and a swell girl. Is a member of the Sigma Tau Sorority.

Betty Harrower—

An enthusiastic basketball player. Only takes one class with the rest of us.

Charlotte Kelly—

Plays the piano, but her real ambition is to become Robert Taylor's private secretary.

Nora Lundy—

A second Zazu Pitts, keeps the class in good humor and takes a comedian's part in the plays.

Kay North—

A hockey fan who aspires to be a dispensing druggist.

Eleanor Jones—

Her ambition seems to be able to chew gum in Social Studies Class without getting caught.

Evelyn Miller—

Born March 17th—but isn't Irish. Plays the piano well and hopes to become a teacher of Dramatics.

Julie Carsley—

Bright and cheery—doesn't do much work and is poetically inclined.

Jean Dakers—

Jean wants to travel, and says the next best thing to it, is reading travel books.

Marjorie Davidson—

Only takes a few classes with the rest of us. But in those periods, waves of mirth come from her part of the room.

Vera Davies—

She is our petite little miss. A member of the Kappa Zeta Beta.

Patricia Denault—

Very popular in the Social Studies Class. Studious and shy.

Geraldine Dicken—

Gerry spends most of her time learning words to hit tunes, maybe she is going to be a singer.

Marjorie Duckworth—

When she comes, she comes in late, so we take it that she doesn't appreciate school.

Betty Duley—

A quiet member of the class who shines in every subject.

Dorothy Duthie—

Dot is an air-minded miss who hopes to become a stewardess.

Ruth Fee—

Is full of fun and her friends call her Fifi. Her favorite expression is: "Have you got your Latin done?"

Lois Fenwick—

Secretary of the new sorority, Kappa Sigma Delta. Knitting is her favorite pastime.

Florence Fowler—

Florence decided to become a nurse in 1921 and that has been her ambition ever since.

Aileen Filteau—

A new member of the Kappa Zi and is our Council member. Hopes to become a journalist.

Lina Harris

BIOGRAPHIES OF ROOM 15—Continued.

Monja Hollett—

Came to Central in October, and has been a going concern ever since. A new Alpha Gamma member.

Margaret Anderson—

Justice is her middle name and she hopes to become a lawyer. Enjoys reading and basketball.

Alice Asselstine—

Alice is an enthusiastic participant in the school orchestra, playing second violin. Favorite sport is basketball.

Florence Asselstine—

Intends to become a druggist. Is interested in all sports and plays all well. Spends most of her time tap dancing.

Marjorie Bailie—

Is one of the quieter members of the room, but would be missed if she were not there.

Edith Beard—

One of the striking girls of the room, takes an active part in everything but school work.

Marjorie Brown—

Marjorie is another of the quiet members of the room, but she takes an active part in the school room activities.

Pearl Brown—

Is often heard enquiring: "Have you your Latin or Physics done?"

Donna Calder—

A member of the Kappa Zi. Is dependable and shines in her school work.

Evelyn Campbell—

Says she wants to be a dietitian in a laundry—but that's Evelyn.

Margaret Campbell—

Marg. takes a prominent place in the Social Studies Class, being the secretary. She is quiet, but well liked.

Bessie Carabitsen—

The class would not be complete if Bessie did not come strolling in late.

Florence Chambers—

Takes an active part in Dramatics and has the lead in most Class Plays.

Dorothy Coffin—

A member of the Alpha Gamma. She talks constantly, only letting up for the lack of breath.

Jeanette Crawford—

Another new member of the Kappa Zi. Jeanette does everything well, including her school work.

Shirley Darnbrough—

Keeps the class continually in good humor with her witticisms. A dramatics enthusiast.



An old German and his wife were given to quarreling. One day, after a particularly unpleasant scene, the old woman remarked with a sigh:

"Vel, I vish I vas in heaven!"

"I vish I vas in the beer garten," groaned her husband.

"Ach, Ja," cried the old wife. "Always you pick out the best for yourself."



AROUND THE SCHOOL

(1) A balcony scene. (2) The peak of learning. (3 and 4) Shots and angles. (5) The three flirts, Hollett, Burrell and Filteau. (6) The social side of Central. (7) Want a shine? (8) Christmas Exams by Dutton. (9) White and Logan trying to ride double again. (10) Ain't love grand, Tirza? (11) Back to their forefathers. (12) Flash Fairbairn—plunging in the dark again. (13) Ryan and Harries return from summer camp. (14) The conquering (?) heroes. (15) Why boys wear long pants. (16) The advertising staff (?). (17) What we fight for. (18) The old slave driver.

SPORT

Editors:

D. FAIRBAIRN

PAT TURNER





JUNIOR RUGBY

Eric Jensen handled the coaching duties of the Junior Rugby Team and did a very fine job. The team reached the league finals, but lost out to St. Mary's for the championship. The loss was due more to injuries than to any other cause. This is the best showing the Juniors have made in some years, and we hope to see them win the championship next season.



JUNIOR BIOGRAPHIES

LIONEL WHITE—Quarter-back—Largely responsible for the success of the team. He handled the team well on the field and was the offensive star of the club.

JACK MacBETH — Guard — Inexperienced, but had the weight. Took his bumps with the rest.

DOUG. AUSTIN—Centre—An excellent snap and a sure tackler on defence. He was also the team's drop-kicker.

GEORGE MITCHEL—Half—Small, but speedy. A very good tackler on secondary. Should be an asset to the team next year.

IAN STEWART — Flying Wing — One of the speedier players of the team. Was a good blocker, tackler and showed ability to catch passes.

BOB ROBERTSON—Centre—A first year player who did a good job of assisting Doug. at snap. He was a good tackler and blocker.

CHARLIE KENNEDY — Tackle — A fast mover and a deadly tackler. Made good holes and very seldom missed his man.

PETE REID — End — Good tackler and pass receiver. Could always be depended on, and was always in there fighting.

ART WEBB—Half—One of the stars of the team. Art could throw passes anywhere on the field. He was also good at running back kicks.

BARRY NEWPORT—End—A second year player. Best tackler on the team; stopped all runs that came around his end. Injuries kept him out of the final.





ART FOLLET—Tackle—The heaviest man on the team. Proved an excellent blocker and always made a hole big enough for a ship to go through.

DAVE DWORKIN—End—The smallest player on the team but excelled at tackling and pass receiving.

HOWARD GRIFFITHS—Guard—A last year's player. A good linesman and a fast, hard clipper.

GEORGE SMILLIE—Flying Wing—His third year on the Juniors. The joker of the team who played well in this position. Also showed promise as a ball carrier.

BILL CUMMER—Guard—Another first year player who tried hard in spite of his lack of weight and experience.

JOHN BULL—Tackle—Another first year man who played his position well. Should prove a valuable asset next year.

BILL PIPPARD—Half—Very fast and the deadliest tackler on the team. Good plunger and dangerous in broken field running.

BOB MACKAY—Full-back—The star of the team. Was good at everything. He was the team's kicker and safety man. His interference was remarkable.

TOM POAPST—Tackle—Joined us near the end of the season but showed up as an excellent tackler and blocker.

BILL LOVE—Centre—Didn't get much chance to show his stuff, but played his part well.

JACK STAINES—Full-back—Took Bob's place when he was injured. Played very well in this position and did a great job of end-runs and bucks.

BOB HAHN—Guard—A first year player. Opened up great holes in the line; blocked well.

JACK HAIRSINE (No Picture)—End—A fast, hard tackling wing. Was the best pass receiver. Will be a great help to the team next year.

ERIC JENSEN — Coach — The man behind the scenes. Eric, an ex-Senior, got the boys to give their best. He produced a well coached squad with tricky plays. He did a fine job and will be welcomed back next year.

SENIOR BIOGRAPHIES

BOB HARRISON—Coach—This was Bob's second year as coach of the Central Senior squad. He is a product of Calgary High School Leagues and was, last season, a star of the Calgary Bronks, Western Football Conference winners. Much credit for the team's showing is due to Bob. We hope to see him back at the helm of the Senior squad next year.

MR. PULLEYBLANK—Athletic Supervisor—Has shown a great interest in high school athletics and helped the rugby team in a great many ways. He looked after all equipment.

BOB BATEMAN — Quarterback — Weight 130, age 17. One of the little men on the team who was an exceptionally good blocker and a brilliant broken-field runner. He lead the team very well and his fine spirit was an example to all the players.

AL NEAL—Full-back—Weight 157, age 19. A last year's star who was the mainstay of the backfield. Was the team's triple-threat man as he ran, kicked and passed with the best in the league.

STAN. FAIRBAIRN—Half—Weight 130, age 16. Winner of the Gordon Emery Memorial Cup. Was an outstanding blocker and kept up the morale of the team with his fighting spirit. Watch Stan. next year.

BOB NIES—Centre—Weight 133, age 18. Played his first year in Senior football. A reliable centre who was a standout on defence. An excellent prospect for next year's team.

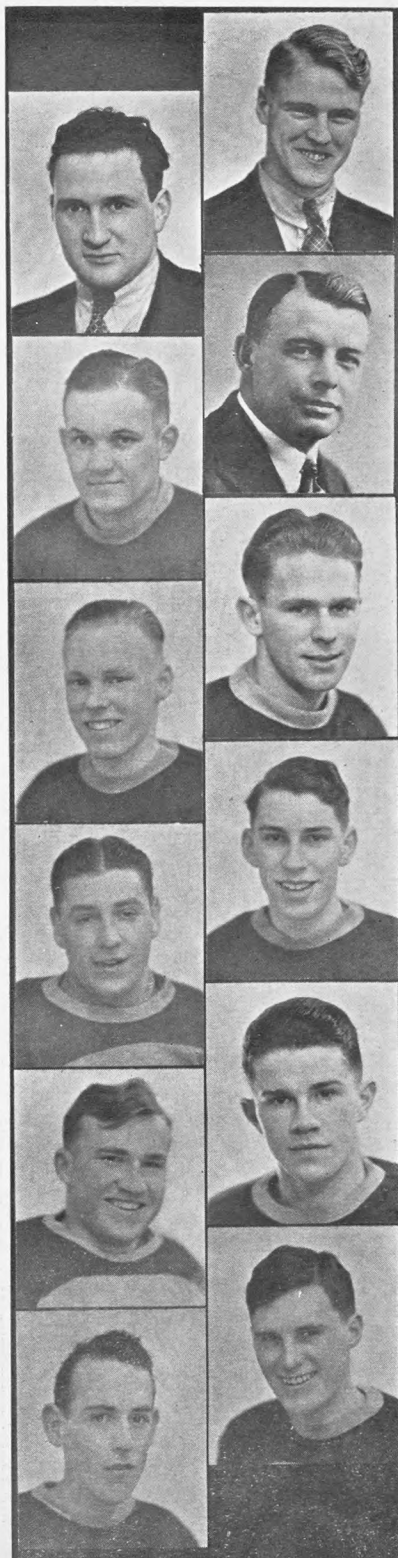
FRANK WALLACE—Guard—Weight 167, age 18. Another first year man. A hard charger and a prolific blocker. Will form the foundation for a strong line next year.

BILL STUART — Half — Weight 148, age 17. A last year's player whose steadiness proved an asset to the backfield. Was a fine blocker.

BILL WERTH—Tackle—Weight 220, age 18. Another man playing his first year of football. His weight proved an advantage and he bowled over opposition lines almost at will. Should be back next year.

ART DAVIS — End — Weight 140, age 17. Played his first year of football and made a fine job of it. Had an uncanny ability for snaring passes and fumbles. Should star again next year.

ALTON RYAN—End—Weight 130, age 17. Light and inexperienced but showed plenty of fight and spirit whenever he got into the game.





TED HANEY — **Flying Wing** — Weight 150, age 18. Played exceptionally fine rugby despite an injured leg. Was never in the limelight, but always did his job well.

REG. McINNES—**Guard**—Weight 117, age 17. Played his first year of rugby. Was given little chance to show his ability in games but proved valuable in practice.

GERALD MARTIN—**Tackle**—Weight 158, age 16. Rose from second string ranks to become the star of the Crescent game. A deadly tackler who should star on next year's team.

IRVINE KELSEY—**Centre**—Weight 148, age 16. First year in school football. Didn't have much chance to show his ability. Should star on next year's squad.

STEWART SINCLAIR—**Tackle**—Weight 152, age 15. A candidate for last year's senior team. Injuries kept him on the side-lines except for part of the second game when he showed up very well.

JOHN WINDSOR—**End**—Weight 140, age 16. Another rookie on this year's team. Came into his own in the second game when his hard tackles slowed up opposing ball carriers.

FRED McKENZIE—**End**—Weight 125, age 16. Did not get a chance to show his stuff on the field but with added weight should do well next year.

PETE THOMAS—**Guard**—Weight 156, age 17. Another player making his first appearance on a school rugby squad. Handled his assignments well but did not see much action due to injuries.

HILTON BOUCHER—**Half**—Weight 132, age 16. Graduated from Intermediate ranks. One of the best utility backfielders in school rugby.

HU HARRIES—**End**—Weight 160, age 16. A first year player who developed rapidly. Proved to be a deadly tackler and a good pass receiver.

DAWN FAIRBAIRN—**Half**—Weight 130, age 17. A graduate of last season's Intermediates. Was very effective on running back-kicks. Blocked well and was very steady in the safety-man position. One of the real stars of the game.

HARRY SEMRAU—**Tackle**—Weight 160, age 18. A member of last year's championship team. His experience proved valuable in holding the line together. Was a great blocker.

MAC SULLIVAN (No Picture)—**Guard**—Weight 145, age 17. Graduated from Intermediate. Although very light for his position, he played very well in the Crescent game.

SENIOR RUGBY

The Central Senior Rugby team, although not quite as strong as it has been in other years, made a good showing. The team got away to a slow start, and did not reach the peak of its form until well on in the season. This was due to the inexperience of some of the players, seven of whom were playing their first year in organized rugby. Bob Harrison, who coached the team very capably, was handicapped by the loss of a large number of last year's players. It took some time to mould the team into shape, as only four members had had previous senior experience, but in the Crescent game, they upheld the high standard of previous Central teams. Next year we look for an even better team, as some eleven players will be returning.

Western 26 — Central 1

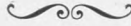
Central seemed very weak in its first start of the 1937 season, when the senior team absorbed a 26-1 drubbing at the hands of Western Canada. Western took the lead early in the first quarter when they scored a touch. On the last play of the quarter, Western added three more points to their total when they kicked a field-goal, after a previous attempt had been blocked by Central. In the second quarter, Neal raced 27 yards to the Western 21 yard line. After an exchange of kicks, Central broke into the score column, when Neal kicked over the goal-line and the Western back was brought down by a hoard of Central tacklers. Hu. Harries got credit for the rouge. Central began another threat when a Neal to S. Fairbairn forward pass clicked for 24 yards. Western again took command and scored two more touches before the half-time rest period came. The score at half-time was Western 20, Central 1. In the third quarter there was no score, but Central made two nice gains when Neal passed to Davis for 25 yards and when Neal broke into the clear to make 30 yards. In the fourth period, Central again threatened as D. Fairbairn ran back a Western kick 20 yards, and on the next play made 43 yards through the line. The charge was stopped at Western's 6 yard line. Neal pegged a 21 yard pass later to S. Fairbairn, but Central was unable to follow up this advantage and lost possession. Western made 85 yards on three successive plays to score another touch. The final score was Western 26, Central 1.

Crescents 7 — Central 0

This game was one of the best ever seen in the High School League. The Central team showed great improvement over its previous game. In the first quarter, Central had by far the best of the play and several scoring chances were narrowly missed. The quarter ended with no score, and Central still pressing. The second period was also scoreless. A Central kick was blocked but the lost territory was soon regained when Davis recovered a fumble from a Crescent backfielder who had dropped one of Neal's long kicks. A field-goal attempted from the Crescent's 30 yard line failed. The half ended with no score and with Central having a decided edge on the Crescent team. In the third quarter, Crescent started a charge down the field by intercepting a pass, but were stopped as Central recovered a fumble. A Crescent forward pass paved the way for the first score of the game as Crescent scored a converted touchdown. The quarter ended with play in midfield. In the last quarter, the teams battled on even terms with Bateman running back kicks to advantage. The final Crescent score came as the result of a 25 yard Central penalty after which Crescent kicked

SENIOR RUGBY—Continued.

to the deadline for a singleton. The game ended with the score 7 to 0 in Crescent's favor. The loss definitely put Central out of the play-offs, but the team played a very fine game. We can point with pride to our luckless Central team; they had courage, spirit and fight.



THE GORDON EMERY MEMORIAL CUP

The Gordon Emery Memorial Cup, donated by the Kappa Zeta Beta Sorority, was awarded to Stan. Fairbairn. Stan. will be the second player to have his name engraved on the Cup, which is awarded annually to the most valuable player on the Senior Rugby team.

The Selection Committee made a wise choice although there were several outstanding stars on the squad. This year Stan. made the big jump from Junior to Senior ranks. Last year he was the star of the Junior team and again this season showed himself to be an outstanding player. His blocking was superb, his tackling was deadly, and his pass receiving was a feature of every game. But these were not the most important factors in the cup award. In every game, and in every practice, Stan., with his fighting, never-say-die spirit, kept the morale of the whole team up to a high standard. Whenever a good play was made he shouted words of praise; and whenever a mistake was made, or whenever the breaks went against the team, he shouted words of encouragement. He was a real sport.

And so, to Stan. Fairbairn, we offer our heartiest congratulations, and wishes for an even more successful season next year, when he will again be eligible for the Gordon Emery Memorial Cup.



SENIOR HOCKEY

This year the Senior Hockey team met with only moderate success. The league schedule, as it has been in the last few years, was divided into two parts. In the first part of the schedule, the team lost two games, tied one and won another. Central was defeated by Western in the first game and then showed a reversal of form to tie Crescent. St. Mary's won a heart-breaking game in Central's third start. The Seniors scored their only win by defeating Commercial.

In the second round of league play, the Central team tied one game and lost two, to finish out of the play-offs. The team extends its heartiest thanks to Wilby Lenox, who spent much time coaching the team.

The line-up of the team:—

Goal—Art Davis, Jim Clark.

Defence—Hu. Harries, Clarence Bell, Al. Neal, Bill Werth, Bob Nies.

Forwards—Ken. Malin, Bob Bateman, Stan. Fairbairn, Bill Haun, Richard Swann, Dawn Fairbairn, Pete Thomas, Ted Haney, Reg. McInnes, Joe Dutton.



JUNIOR HOCKEY

Central Juniors were not able to hit their winning stride all season, and finished at the bottom of the league. The boys, however, played some good games and with a few breaks might have come out as winners. They scored

JUNIOR HOCKEY—Continued.

one upset when they tied the ultimate league champions and just came within an ace of beating them. The Junior players received some valuable training which will, no doubt, add to the strength of the Seniors next year. Eric Jensen handled coaching duties very well.

The line-up of the team:—

Goal—Tommy Poapst.

Defence—Gordon Sellars, Jack Martin, Art Webb, Barry Newport, Horne.

Forwards—Ross Logan, Cam. McDougall, Bruce Collins, Bob Robertson, Mac MacKenzie, Ian Stuart, Jack McBeth, George Mitchell, Ian Horton.



BOYS' TRACK AND FIELD

In the Annual Interscholastic Track Meet, held at the end of May, 1937, Central's track team gave the best performance that it has given in some years, finishing in second place, behind Crescent and Western, who were tied for first. The boys from Central collected a total of 46 points which is a considerable improvement over the previous year. It might also be noted that there were only three classes instead of four, as in other years.

In B class, the Central team scored 11 points. The chief point-getters were Les Libin and Lionel White. Les placed second in the 75 yard dash and fourth in the 660 yard run. Lionel captured second place in the standing broad jump event and fourth place in the 75 yard dash. These two boys teamed up with P. Reid and G. Dunbar to finish second in the relay race.

C class boys turned out to be Central's best scorers, as they made 19 points. D. Dunbar scored in the running broad jump with a second place and in the 100 yard dash when he finished third. D. Fairbairn captured three third places, one in the running broad jump, another in the 12 pound shot put, and the third in the hop, step, and jump. Bill Mair finished second in the dash. In the relay race, the team rang up the only first place of the day for Central when Egan, Mair, Dunbar and Fairbairn combined to win the event.

Fourteen points were collected by the D class team. B. Thirlwell lead the team with 7 points as he scored thirds in the high jump and running broad jump. He finished second in the 100 yard dash in what proved to be the most thrilling race of the day. K. Barr placed third in the 12 pound shot put as did H. Semrau in the 880 yard run. The relay team of Thirlwell, Neal, Bowen and Wales finished second in the relay race, to close the scoring in this class.

Central placed third in the two mile team race, in one of the best runnings of this event. The four men who finished for Central were: J. Impey, N. Johnson, D. Dyson and M. Law. Impey ran a fine race to finish seventh, while Johnson nosed out Dyson for ninth place. Dyson finished tenth and Law fifteenth.

Central has taken a step in the right direction and will, no doubt, produce a winning team in the near future.

Through the medium of the Analecta, the members of the Rugby, Hockey and Track Teams, wish to thank all those who helped make this year's sports successful. Mr. Brown, the Janitor, had hot water for showers

BOYS' TRACK AND FIELD—Continued.

when needed. This was a service greatly appreciated by everyone. He gave the players some valuable tips on training matters, and also helped some of the boys along with much needed rub-downs. Mr. Pulleyblank handled all sports' equipment and showed an interest in all school athletic activities.



INTERSCHOLASTIC BADMINTON

The first Interscholastic Badminton Tournament was run off on March 19th at the Glencoe Club. Four schools: Rideau, Crescent Heights, Western Canada and Central, entered. Each school was represented by four mixed doubles teams. Those representing Central were: Gerry Cope and Charlie Templeton, Betty Corbett and Reg. McInnes, Joan Moore and Gordon Sellar, Ruth Crawford and John Whittaker. The Tournament was run on an elimination and total point system. Central finished third, with 177 points, behind Western and Rideau. Each Central team survived the first round of play. In the second round, three of the Central teams were eliminated, while the fourth, of Gerry Cope and Charlie Templeton, went on to the semi-finals where they lost to a Western team in a stiff game.

The results of the Tournament are very gratifying, and we hope to see Badminton soon take a high place as an interscholastic sport.



HOUSE LEAGUE BASKETBALL

The Girls' House League, composed of six teams, which included a total of 45 players, had a very successful year. The Giants and Maroons advanced to the finals for a two game total point series. The Giants won the thrilling series 38 to 36. The girls wish to thank Mr. Churchill for his valuable work in organizing the House League.

The teams lined up as follows:—

Giants—Marg. Willox, Donna Calder, Ruth Andrews, Florence Asselstine, Dorothy Maginley, Dorothy Coffin, Grace Mills.

Cardinals—Helen Bried, Vera Davies, Evelyn Orr, Mary Anderson, Marion King, Aileen Filteau, Jeanette Crawford.

Bronks—Winnie Thompson, Pat Beech, Millie Baines, Lucille Ilot, Betty McRoberts, Jean Weir, Doreen Ray.

Maroons—Ella Sande, Gary Tarves, Marg. Jefferson, Marjorie Rhymes, Gladys Boothman, Chris. Willox, Ruth Gurevitch, Kay North.

Red Wings—Jean Newcombe, Mary Rhodes, Barbara Tigner, Lois Stabback, Jean Loudfoot, Nora Lundy, Edna Tambling, Pearl Brown.

Maple Leafs—Pat Turner, Marg. Anderson, Alice Asselstine, Geraldine Dicken, Florence Chambers, Doris Easton, Mary Newcombe, Betty Harrower.

Leading Scorers:—1, Ella Sande 38—2, Marg. Willox 34—3, Lucille Ilot 32—4, Jean Newcombe 30—5, Helen Bried 25—6, Winnie Thompson 23—7, Pat Turner 22—8, Florence Chambers 21.

THE GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Central can be justly proud of its entry in the Girls' Basketball League. The Senior girls' team handicapped as usual by lack of adequate floor space, found it almost impossible to secure time for practise. Due to a late start in basketball activity, it was not possible to obtain a coach until after the first game. George Coleman kindly consented to become the coach, and improved the team-play miraculously. The team won only a single game; score C.C.I. 26—Commercial 24.

The Central team battled against heavy odds all year, and, despite the lack of practise and support, put up a courageous fight. With the material that was developed in the House League, next year's team should be outstanding.



BIOGRAPHIES OF SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Helen Bried—

Captain of the team. Played forward. An accurate shot.

Ruth Andrew—

A fast, snappy forward who kept up the spirit of the team.

Margaret Willox—

Tall centre. An accurate shot and a hard worker.

Helen Sloan—

A very good guard who excelled at long shots.

Chris. Willox—

A steady, dependable defence player whose guarding was outstanding.

Marion King—

An exceptionally good guard and a sure shot.

Ella Sande—

An excellent forward up from Junior ranks. Top scorer on Seniors.

Grace Mills—

A good player on defence, who did her share of hard work.

Winnie Thompson—

Good centre and an all round dependable player.

Josie Brown—

A brilliant forward and fast passer.

Pat Turner—

Another excellent forward, who made good use of every opening.

George Coleman—

Coached the team. A product of the boys' high school league, who has developed into a fine coach. We hope that George will be back with the team again next year.



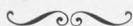
GIRLS' TRACK AND FIELD

Although the girls did not make as many points as the previous year, they placed second with $27\frac{1}{2}$ points, ten behind Western Canada. The girls made a fine showing as the rivalry was keen and the competition close.

"B" class division gained 8 points for Central. Verna Morgan and Ruth Andrews came second and fourth respectively in the high jump. The relay team of Ridgway, Andras, Maginley, Farr and Snyder placed second; while the shuttle relay team of Watson, Millard, Somerville and McKaskill placed third.

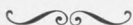
GIRLS' TRACK AND FIELD—Continued.

"C" class gathered 19½ points, and in so doing won the "C" class cup. The relay team of Blackwood, McFarlane, Hicks, Cope, McEwen, Neilson, Hill and Robertson came fourth. The shuttle relay team of Trotter, Newcombe, Cottrell and Turner placed third. Pat Turner came first in the 75 yard dash and running broad jump, and third in the high jump. Jean Newcombe took fourth in the high jump.



KAPPA ZI TRACK CUP

The girls' track cup, donated by the Kappa Zi Sorority, is presented annually to the girl in Central gaining the most points. Pat Turner, repeating her 1936 performance, won the cup for the second consecutive year. Her point total of twelve, was made up of two firsts and a third.



THE KAPPA ZI BASKETBALL TROPHY

Because of the interest shown in Girls' Basketball this year, the Kappa Zi put up a trophy for House League Competition. This handsome statuette was won by the Giants, who are the first to have their name engraved on it. Basketball at C.C.I. is particularly handicapped by the smallness of the floor and lack of available time on it. This not only makes it difficult to run the House League, but handicaps the girls tremendously when they play on other floors. However, many fine games were seen during the play-offs, and we hope that competition for the trophy will be just as strong next year.



IN 1948 WATCH FOR:

"Moses" Snell drumming in Benny Goodman's Band.

Betty Kerr as a dominating female.

Bob Bateman as an undertaker.

Pat Turner as a basketball player.

Abe Tucker as a second-hand dealer.

Claire Jackson teaching C.C.I. Council Members how to sell tickets.

Harry Semerau manufacturing bobby pins.

Lorraine McPhail still distracting boys' attentions.

Richard Swann singing for the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Dot Hammond living half way between Calgary and Edmonton.

Angus McKinnon trying to sell the holes out of doughnuts.

Grace Mills singing "hot-cha" songs.

Don Macqueen writing Physics 2.

Betty Campbell admitting the Analecta cover is a "darb."

Eric Jensen editing "Advice to Love-Lorn" column.



SOCIETY

Editor:
BETTY MURRAY

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Before the end of September the first meeting of the Students' Council was held with the chosen representatives of the various rooms electing officers for the year. As usual, the respective presidents of the school clubs joined the executive.

Rugby was the first question to come before the Council, and all members did excellent work in promoting interest in this premier school sport. Signs were put on the boards, record numbers of tickets were sold, and cheer-leaders were selected to head the cheering section. Throughout the year, several well-attended Lits. were held. The Council also made possible the distribution of school crests among the students, which proved a very successful venture. The Annual March Concert was also sponsored by the governing body in conjunction with the Dramatic Club. By appointing the Editor-in-Chief and the Business Manager of the Analecta, the Council was responsible for getting the popular Year Book under way.

And so, the Students' Council with the valuable co-operation of the student body, records another successful year in the annals of C.C.I. Thanks are due also to Miss Kaulbach and her Dramatic Club, the Hi-Y Clubs, and several others who did so much to aid the Council during the year.

The Executive:

President	Murray Law
Vice President, Girls' Hi-Y	Norma Christie
Secretary	Betty Kerr
Treasurer	Stan. Fairbairn
Boys' Hi-Y	Dawn Fairbairn
Tickets	Angus McKinnon
Dramatics	Marion Dyson
Badminton	Margaret Willox
Current Events	Stewart Barker

The Members: Dick Bond, Bill Brown, Elva Clark, Aileen Filteau, Janet Gray, Ted Haney, George Hill, Cecil Howell, Claire Jackson, Margaret McKay, Joan Oliver, Tom Poapst, Ted Pulleyblank, Mary Louise Smith, Ian Stuart, Richard Swann, Doug. Tempest, Pete Thomas, Dorothy Walford, Betty Watson.



THE BOYS' HI-Y

The Central Boys' Hi-Y, under the capable guidance of Mr. Pulleyblank, spent one of its most successful years since the inauguration in 1932.

The supervision of the Boys' Track Team will complete the Hi-Y activities for this year. A committee appointed by the club made the C.C.I. Weeper a successful financial venture. The Hi-Y supervised the hall-patrols, gate-duty, and pop-sale at the Lits. and March Concert. Besides the regular meetings, the club supported all city-wide Hi-Y movements.

May we, the retiring executives, take this opportunity to wish our successors and the Hi-Y club of 1938-39, the best of luck for a successful season.

Mentor	Mr. Pulleyblank
President	Dawn Fairbairn
Vice-President	Murray Law
Secretary Treasurer	Bill Stuart

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL



MURRAY LAW,
President.

NORMA CHRISTIE,
Vice-President, Girls' Hi-Y.

STAN. FAIRBAIRN,
Treasurer.

BETTY KERR,
Secretary.

DAWN FAIRBAIRN,
Boys' Hi-Y, Weeper.

MARION DYSON,
Dramatics.

STEWART BARKER,
Current Events.

MARG. WILLOX,
Badminton.

ANGUS McKINNON,
Tickets.

THE BOYS' HI-Y—Continued.

The Members: Maurice Snell, Dick Webb, Bob Bateman, Mac Sullivan, Don Francis, Eric Jensen, Don Macqueen, Clarence Bell, Stewart Barker, Weston Brooks, Stan. Fairbairn, Ted Pulleyblank, Art Davis, Doug. Tempest, Bob Wilkins.



THE GIRLS' HI-Y

The Girls' Hi-Y of Central High School, under the capable leadership of Miss James, has enjoyed a successful year. At the weekly meetings, the girls have welcomed the opportunity of discussing their personal problems, and have benefited by the advice and information offered by guest speakers. The girls have taken part in many school activities; an initiation banquet, a party for all the new girls of the school, two successful teas, and a dance. They also helped to supply part of the program for one of the Lits., and helped to organize the Girls' Track Meet.

The Executive:

Mentor	Miss James
President	Norma Christie
Vice-President	Joan Oliver
Secretary	Marion Dyson
Treasurer	Betty Kerr

Committee: Betty Murray, Doreen Blair, Mary Louise Smith.

Members: Geraldine Cope, Betty Corbett, Jessie Cowan, Isabel Farr, Dorothy Hammond, Nora McFarland, Elva Clark, Ruth McLaren, Joan Moore, Vern Ridgway, Pat Turner, Betty Watson, Chris. Willox.



THE GAMMA PHI CLUB

The Gamma Phi, a governing body of the Boys' Hi-Y clubs, includes executive members of the various Hi-Y's. Mr. Harold Plain as mentor, conducted many interesting discussions at the weekly supper meetings. The Gamma Phi sponsored sex lectures, a church service, a provincial conference, and the annual Hi-Y banquet.

Central is represented by Dawn Fairbairn (Gamma Phi President), Murray Law (Treasurer), Maurice Snell and Bill Stuart. Jim Ward and Alton Ryan, two other Centralites, are representatives for the clubs at the Y.M.C.A.



THE KAPPA GAMMA CLUB

This club, for the past eight years, has endeavored to form a connecting link between the Calgary High School girls. This year its membership consists of approximately twenty girls who meet each week in the Y.W.C.A. club rooms. Under the able leadership of Miss Jean Reynolds and Miss Joyce Kerrison, the club has had a successful year. Local speakers have given addresses and the girls themselves have led many interesting discussions.

KAPPA GAMMA—Continued.

For the last two years its representatives from Central High School have been:

1936-37—Pat Turner, Norma Christie, Joan Inglis and Madeleine Maguire.

1937-38—Pat Turner, Norma Christie, Margaret Willox and Dorothea Stuart.

**THE CURRENT EVENTS CLUB**

The Current Events Club, with an increased membership, has continued in its second year with a program of discussions on topics of interest in the world today. In addition to the regular weekly meetings, two groups of moving pictures were shown to selected audiences. The club was greatly honored this year by being chosen to present a discussion of a current topic over the radio during Educational Week.

The Executive:

Honorary President	Miss Elliott
President	Stewart Barker
Vice-President	Muriel Saxby-Hawkins
Secretary-Treasurer	Molly Hughes

The Members are: Bessie Sidorsky, Lila Scatcherd, Jeanette Munroe, Jacqueline Tempest, Mary Anderson, Jean Logan, Lois Maclean, Prudence Bamlett, Marion Davies, Dorothea Stewart, Brenda Turner, Neil Carr, Cecil Howell, Sheldon Gibson, Abe Tucker, Bill Brookes-Avey, Ted Pulleyblank, Albert Caldwell, Jack Marles.

**BADMINTON CLUB**

The Badminton Club, with a membership of nearly 45, had a very successful season. A pin of unique design was chosen by the girls. Several very successful tournaments were arranged. A mixed team was entered in the Interscholastic Badminton Tournament.

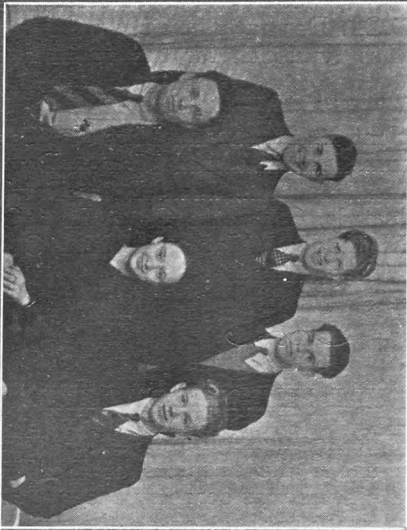
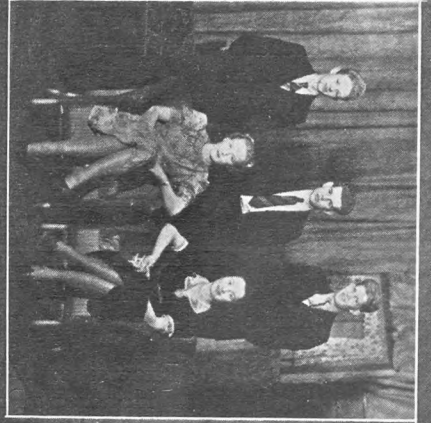
The Executive:

Hon. President	Miss Sampson
President	Marg. Willox
Vice-President	Jeanette Farman
Secretary-Treasurer	Doreen Donaldson

We wish to congratulate Geraldine Cope, who has again won the Junior Provincial Badminton Championship.

**THE DRAMATIC CLUB**

During the 1937-1938 season, the C.C.I. Dramatic Society, under the capable direction of Miss Kaulbach, presented several plays which were received very favorably. Students took more interest in Dramatics this year, with more elevens and twelves joining the Society.



THE DRAMATIC SOCIETY

"The Betrayal"

"Cannibal Island"

"On Dartmoor"

"How He Lied to Her Husband"

The Stage Crew.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB—Continued.

"On Dartmoor," a story of an escaped convict from the famous Dartmoor Prison, was first presented at the Valentine Lit., and repeated during Educational Week. Exceptional talent was displayed in this play by a well chosen cast including Bob Wilkins, Marion Dyson, Elva Clark, George Hill and Rollie Mayhood; and was sub-directed by Ivy England. Three other plays were prepared for the March Concert. "Betrayal," a serious play, set at the home of Peter Steele on Christmas Eve, was cast with Brenda Turner and Clarence Bell in the leads, supported by Albert Haynes and Richard Swann, who was also the sub-director. "How He Lied To Her Husband," a satire, deals with a romantic youth who falls in love with a married woman. Its cast included Eric Jensen, Dorothy Hammond and Ted Haney. This play was directed by Mr. Hammond, whom we wish to thank for his valuable assistance. "Cannibal Island," a story of the South Sea Islands, had George Adlam and Dorothea Stuart as the leading actor and actress, and they were supported by Bob Stearne, Sam Cohen, Bill Andrews, Albert Annand, George Burrell, Ross Creighton, Abe Tucker, Marcel Gould and Noel Langham, with Dorothea acting as sub-director.

The members of the C.C.I. Dramatic Society wish to express sincere thanks and appreciation to Miss Kaulbach for her untiring efforts with the Society.

The Executive:

Honorary President	Miss Kaulbach
President	Marion Dyson
Secretary	Betty Fowler

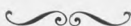
Committee: Mary Edwards, Geraldine Cope, Elva Clark.

Stage Crew: Angus McKinnon (Manager), Neil Carr (Electrician).
George Hill, Rollie Mayhood (Stage Hands).



THE ANNUAL MARCH CONCERT

Again one of the outstanding highlights of C.C.I. social life, was the Annual March Concert, held under the auspices of the Dramatic Society. The Old Hall with its cracked plaster was scarcely recognizable through gay streamers, bright balloons, and welcoming signs on the walls. The Decoration Committee is to be congratulated. The main program consisted of the three plays—"Betrayal," "Cannibal Island" and "How He Lied To Her Husband"—which were splendidly produced, and very well liked. Music was supplied during the intermissions by Mr. Beresford's Combined Orchestra, and the thunderous applause they received speaks for their quality. As in previous years, the Concert was held on two nights, but there was no dancing as it was held in the middle of the week. This was one of the most successful Annual Concerts ever produced.



C.C.I. LITS

The Lits again provided a source of enjoyment for the Central Students and their friends. At the time of writing, three very successful Lits have been held with the assurance of at least one more. The popularity of these functions necessitated limiting the crowd to the students and a few guests.

C.C.I. LITS—Continued.

The Hallowe'en Lit, held in late October, consisted of a variety program and dance. Appropriate decorations in black and orange were an added novelty for the large crowd. Souvenir programs of pumpkin design proved a highlight of a very enjoyable evening.

In November, a Rugby Lit was held in honor of the two rugby teams, with the boys and their partners the guests of the evening. The Delta Rho and the Kappa Zi presented a fine program for the capacity crowd. After the presentations to the coaches, Bob Bateman and Lionel White introduced the rugby players. Mrs. Emery then presented the Memorial Cup to Stan Fairbairn. Dancing concluded the evening's entertainment.

On the night of the Valentine Lit, the Old Hall could scarcely be recognized. Gay red and white decorations, including hearts, cupids, balloons and streamers successfully hid the cracked and falling plaster. The Dramatic Club's "On Dartmoor," was well received, while Bob Wilkins, Eric Jensen and three members of the Swingster's Orchestra rounded off an excellent program. The Valentine box arranged by Betty Campbell, Murray Law and the Decoration Committee, brought tears to the sentimentalists, while the majority roared with laughter.

Any school presentation such as a Lit, requires a lot of hard work. This year the task was lightened considerably, for the Council received excellent co-operation. The Dramatic Society, the Orchestra, the Kappa Zi, the Delta Rho, the Girls' and the Boys' Hi-Y Clubs, all helped in this season's activities. Decoration Committees throughout the year consisted of Marg. Willox, Betty Watson, Elva Clark, Norma Christie, Marion Dyson, Murray Law, and Richard Swann. We wish to thank the Faculty and all others who assisted throughout the year, for their kind co-operation. We feel that this year has been the most successful social season since we came to Central.



THE C.C.I. WEEPER

The C.C.I. Weeper, the school "rag," celebrated the seventh anniversary of continuous publication this year. The Boys' Hi-Y, the board of publication, started the improvement campaign by replacing the former mimeograph with a printed paper. Besides the six-page issues every other Monday, the Weeper Staff published eight-page editions at Christmas and Easter and on the Seventh Anniversary. The Anniversary Weeper and the Easter number were so well received, that a special farewell edition in June is assured.

The editorial and business staffs co-operated perfectly. Dawn Fairbairn as supervising editor was well assisted by Maurice Snell, Eric Jensen, Mac Sullivan, Bob Bateman and Murray Law. Don MacQueen, the Circulation Manager, kept the paper on a high financial level, while Dick Webb, Art Davies, Doug Tempest and Stan Fairbairn did their share by selling Weepers and collecting credits. It would hardly be fair at this time of year to divulge the names of the scandal reporters, but on behalf of the Weeper Staff we wish to thank them for their fine work throughout the year.

This year, the Weeper with its improved circulation of over 300 has continued faithfully to live up to its motto—"C.C.I., First, Last and Always."

THE "HONOUR" CUP

The "Honour" Cup, donated by the Delta Rho fraternity, to be awarded annually to the best all-round male student of Central was up for competition for the first time this year. The cup was donated in the hope that it might further interest in all school activities and help develop many outstanding versatile students. Clarence Bell, the choice of the Committee, is a very worthy winner.

Clarence, who excelled at both rugby and hockey, was interested in all sports. Although quiet by nature, he is well known among all the boys as a real sport and an enthusiastic worker. Always high in academic standing he was appointed Literary Editor of the *Analecta*. Clarence joined the Dramatic Club this year and took the lead in one of the plays at the March Concert. As a member of the Hi-Y he was one of the men behind the scenes at many school functions. Clarence Bell is one of the very few who can take a keen interest in extra curricular activities yet still rank high in academic standing.

Dawn Fairbairn, a member of the Delta Rho, was ineligible for cup competition but received honourable mention. Dawn, a rugby, hockey, track and basketball star, was appointed Sports Editor of the *Analecta*. As supervising editor of the school paper, he was responsible for the *Weeper's* "long trousers." Dawn, the Hi-Y and Gamma Phi president, was valuable as an executive member of the Council.

Clarence Bell, the first to have his name engraved on the Honour Cup, received a miniature trophy as a permanent possession. We hope that in years to come the awarding committee will continue to choose as wisely and as carefully as it did this year. And we hope that there will be many outstanding students of the calibre of Clarence Bell and Dawn Fairbairn.



THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU DEBATING CUP

The trophy case of Central contains many fine cups. Among them is one that for several years has been collecting dust and tarnish; no names have been engraved on it; many do not know that it exists. It is the Kappa Kappa Tau Debating Cup, for inter-room competition. Five years ago debating was very popular at Central, but with the introduction of new clubs and sports, interest in the old sometimes wanes—this is what happened to debating. But now with the introduction of the new curriculum and a wider interest in extra-curricula activities, debating should be revived by the younger students. Next year, those interested might reinvigorate the old Spokes Club and again have inter-room debating for the Kappa Kappa Tau Cup.



COMBINED ORCHESTRA

The Combined Orchestra, composed almost entirely of students from Central and Western, was organized by Mr. Beresford this year. Although still in its infancy, the Orchestra is rapidly earning a name for the high quality of its work, both on the radio and at concerts. We congratulate Mr. Beresford, who, by his untiring efforts, has been able to train this splendid body of musicians.

COMBINED ORCHESTRA—Continued.

Conductor: Mr. Beresford.

Members of the Orchestra:

STRINGS: First Violins—Anne Maker, Jacqueline Trusler, Dorothy Carmichael, Don Carmichael, Norman Harcourt, Cecil Howell, Tom Wilson, (C.C.I.); Mary Bradley, Elaine McDowell, Joan Harvey, (W.C.H.S.). Second Violins—Alice Asselstine, Gwen Simonds, Florence Asselstine, Vera Freeman, Gwen Richardson, Charles Hamilton, Don Shaw, (C.C.I.); Lenore Pearson, Jeanette Pearson, Jean Bell, Ferne Lowell, Madge Rennick, Douglas Elves, (W.C.H.S.).

CELLO: Glen German, Malvern Davies.

WOOD WIND: Clarinet—Bunty Edwards, (C.C.I.); Frank Bailey, (C.H.C.I.); David Elves, (W.C.H.S.). Saxophone—Kelvin Stanly, Bill Caruthers, Irving Kelsey, (C.C.I.). Flute—Jack Beresford.

BRASS: Trumpets—Glen Paterson, (C.C.I.); Bert Follet, Jack Williams, Tom Chapman, (W.C.H.S.). Trombone—Russell Hepburn, (W.C.H.S.). French Horn—Doug. Hepburn, (W.C.H.S.). Baritone—Art Follett. Tuba—Jack McComb, (C.C.I.). Drums—Jack Hepburn, (Rideau). Pianists—Mary McKee, (W.C.H.S.); Buster McCalla, (C.C.I.).

**THE CHORAL SOCIETY**

The Choral Society, formed under the direction of Mr. Beresford, is composed of students from C.C.I. and Western. These fifty-seven girls under the able direction of their conductor, have become one of the best school choirs ever heard in Calgary. Their popularity on radio and at concerts attests to this. They have taken part in nine concerts this year.

Conductor: Mr. Beresford.

Members of the Choir:

First Sopranos—B. Hogarth, B. Drolet, M. McDonald, S. Baker, M. Zurawell, E. Carroll, P. Bartlett, M. Baily, C. Bulmer, K. Newbery, P. Hill, K. Christian, R. Bibby, L. Earle, (W.C.H.S.); H. Wells, H. Moore, G. Boothman, M. Jones, J. Nelson, T. Hill, B. Edmanson, A. King, J. Weir, M. Davies, (C.C.I.). Second Sopranos—V. Prentice, K. Macdonald, D. Grainget, E. Denholm, E. Harris, R. Bell, N. Prosser, G. Anderson, M. Wilmot, V. Pearson, P. Stewart, (W.C.H.S.); B. King, C. Jackson, M. Gibson, J. Jones, L. Illott, (C.C.I.). Altos—H. Ballantine, M. Bradley, L. Friend, K. Wusyk, E. Cooper, M. Davies, J. Jalland, J. McLellan, B. Marriot, (W.C.H.S.); F. Gurevitch, M. Hurst, A. Lamont, G. Henderson, M. Robertson, S. MacFarlane, D. McGinley, M. Newcombe, (C.C.I.).

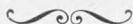
**GRADUATION EXERCISES**

The year 1937 is notable for the introduction of Graduation Exercises in the Calgary High Schools. Central High School in conjunction with Commercial held their first Graduation Exercise in the auditorium of Western Canada High School on June 9, 1937. A brilliant valedictory was given by

GRADUATION EXERCISES—Continued.

Gena Speakman and the C.C.I. graduates were introduced by Mr. Weir, when each was presented with a small souvenir booklet. Mr. H. G. Nolan, K.C. delivered a most encouraging address to the students.

The Graduation Exercises were greatly appreciated by the students, teachers and parents. A precedent has been established in the city and we sincerely hope that this ceremony will be carried on in the years to come.



GRADUATION DANCE

The fourth annual graduation party was held on May 29th, 1937, at St. Stephen's Hall. About one hundred couples attended. Due to the school's lack of financial resources, the party was not an invitation affair and many undergraduates attended. Members of the Home and School Association kindly gave their time and labor in preparing refreshments. Norma Christie and Murray Law had charge of arrangements.



THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU FRATERNITY



This fraternity, organized in the fall of 1926, is the oldest and best known fraternity in Central. Its original name of Kappa Kappa Iota was later changed to Kappa Kappa Tau. The Club is composed entirely of students and ex-students of Central, and from the first, C.C.I. interests have been the interests of the K.K.T. As in previous years the Tau held several dances which were very successful.

Every year the Club takes in new members and this year the five chosen were: Art Follet, Bob Robertson, Bob Wilkins, Art Davis and Weston Brooks.

Officers of the Club are:

President:.....	Second Tenant
Vice-President:	Walt Smith
Recording Secretary:.....	Don Johnson
Treasurer:.....	Gordon Cooper
Keeper of the Log:.....	Darcy Scott

Other members are:

Les Thirlwell, Francis Symes, Wilby Lenox, Wilbur Gillespie, Johnnie Souter, Jim Nesbitt, Dunc Stuart, Graham Courtice, Guy Morton, Emerson Borgal, Fred Webster, Ted Neilson, Clayton Crane, Stephen Johnston, Harold Herron, Tom McRae, Jack Dixon, Wilbur Robertson, Gerald Wilson, Dick

THE KAPPA KAPPA TAU FRATERNITY—Continued.

Litch, Franp. Price, Newton Gillespie, Denby Coggan, Bun Russel, Jack Ferguson, Frank Tilley, Mack Herchek, Stuart Armstrong, Gail Egan, Art Warnkin, Lorne Metcalfe, Ray Fairbairn, Bob Helmer, Joe Dutton, Les Roberts, Tom Barr, Lloyd Askew, Dick Webb, Don Francis, Doug. Tempest.

IN MEMORIAM

Verne Gillespie—Age 22, May 30, 1932.

Gordon Emery—Age 21, July 30, 1935.



DELTA RHO FRATERNITY



Amicitia Aeterna Conjuncti

The Delta Rho Fraternity, organized early in 1936, has successfully passed another milestone. After a strenuous initiation, four new members were inducted into the club at a banquet in the York Hotel, during the early part of October.

The club's next major undertaking was the donation of the "Honour" Cup for the purpose of furthering all school activities. The cup will be presented to the best all-round male student of Central. On November 26th, the Kappa Zi Sorority and the Delta Rho co-operated with the Students' Council to make the Rugby Lit an outstanding social event. In late December the Kappa Zi and the Delta Rho combined to hold a Christmas party at the Bowness Golf Club. The Rho "Round Up" at Penley's Ranch on February 4th found all the principal Greek-letter clubs present in their distinctive outfits. Several other social events, including the annual dinner party at the end of June will complete the season's activity.

The Delta Rho, although comparatively junior in years, has found a place among the outstanding fraternities in the city.

The officers are as follows:

President:	Maurice Samwell
Vice-President:	Reg. Snell
Secretary:	Frank Wood
Treasurer:	Elmer Borgal
Keeper of the Log:	Murray Law

The members are: Tom Hall, Bob Pearson, Bill Speerstra, Doug. Pettigrew, Ted Colley, Fred Crick, Dawn Fairbairn, George Hill, George Taylor, George Burrell.

THE ALPHA GAMMA SORORITY



The Alpha Gamma is the largest and oldest sorority in Central. It was organized in 1929 and is composed of students and ex-students of C.C.I. With the initiation of four new members in 1938, the membership was increased to 38.

Varied activities throughout the year were well received by the students at Central. The activities included an autumn dance at Penley's, two teas and an anniversary party at the Bowness Golf Club. The Alpha Gamma, in conjunction with the Kappa Zi, also sponsored "The Teen Age Models On Parade," a fashion show in aid of the V.O.N. As in previous years, the sorority assisted a needy family at Christmas.

The Executive:

President:	Ethel Allan
Secretary:	Betty Kerr
Treasurer:	Betty Murray
Social Secretary:	Betty Lou Sewall
Keeper of the Log:	Norene Morton

The members: Ellen Pengelly, Frances Atkinson, Edna Vickers, Agnes Clark, Louise Fraser, Margaret Johnson, Marian King, Vera Swanson, June Mills, Dorothy Coffin, Dorothy Tempest, Monja Hollett, Jean Redman.

Alumni: Sheila Ritchie, Jess Murray, Sally Selwood, Betty Borrowman, Eleanor Wilson, Isobel Millican (Toronto); Ruth Peacock, Phyllis Brown, Mary Barr, (Edmonton); Mrs. C. M. Haynes, Grace Paulson, Mrs. Tru-
osdale, (Vancouver); Audrey Grey, Hazel Cooper, (Victoria); Gwen Grif-
fiths, (Vernon); Anne Cooper, Billie Ferguson, (United States); Mrs. Small-
aconde, (Winnipeg).



KAPPA ZI SORORITY



The sorority has enjoyed a very successful year with an increased membership; eighteen to twenty-four. As a gesture to help maintain sport in the school a trophy was presented to the winning team of the Basketball House League.

The first of the Zi's social functions was a Scavenger Hunt in October followed in December by a Hamper Shower to aid needy families. A dance was held in the same month—"Red and Green Swingcopation"—and was supported famously. The Anniversary Party at the Renfrew Club was held

KAPPA ZI SORORITY—Continued.

in February; and with the Alpha Gamma Sorority a Fashion Show was put on in April in aid of the V.O.N.

The Executive:

President:.....Jean Hill

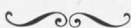
Secretary:.....Carol Chapman

Treasurer:.....Irene Robertson

Keeper of the Log:.....Shirley Somerville

Members: Betty Campbell, Louise McInnes, Donna Calder, Aileen Filteau, Audrey Masson, Jeanette Crawford, Dora Masson, Marian Smith, Doreen Donaldson, Millie Beaulieu.

Alumni: Mary Robinson, Helen Dixon, Mary Brass, Anne Corley, Doris McNeil, Muriel Pettigrew, (Edmonton); Elspeth Rae, Betty Slater, Nancy Smith, (Edmonton); Beryl Winter, (Nanaimo).



KAPPA ZETA BETA SORORITY



This Sorority was formed in the early spring of 1934 in Central Collegiate Institute. It was first known as the Kappa Zeta Bo Sorority, but the name was later changed to Kappa Zeta Beta. With the taking in of three new members in the fall of 1937, the membership of the sorority has increased to 24.

This Sorority has tried to support and co-operate with C.C.I. in every possible way. It has endeavored to maintain the school spirit by donating "The Gordon Emery Memorial Trophy" to the best all-round player on the Senior Rugby Team, and by also donating two megaphones.

The activities of the Sorority are many, varying from wiener roasts to the very sophisticated sorority dances. The activities commenced this term with a "Twilight Tea" to which many C.C.I. "freshettes" were invited. Initiation of three new members followed. Other social events were, a banquet at the York Hotel, an Armistice Party at Braemar Lodge, and their big dance, "Colleen Capers," on March 18th, at Penley's Academy. Outside the school, the sorority have helped the needy by giving Christmas Hampers.

The Executive:

President Thora Cunningham

Vice-President Joan Oliver

Secretary Mary Maclean

Treasurer Betty Baker

Keeper of the Log Nora Poapst

KAPPA ZETA BETA SORORITY—Continued.

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PHI BETA ZI



The Phi Beta Zi Sorority is one of the few Calgary Sororities having interscholastic membership. It was formed by Central and Crescent girls in 1935. During the past season, several private parties were held. The "Pixilated Prom," its first large dance, was enthusiastically attended.

The Executive:

President	Margaret Johnston
Secretary	Ella Donaldson
Treasurer	Gwen Varcoe
Keeper of Log	Coral Creasey

Other members: Martha Block (University), Doris Church, Beatrice Dattner (University), Joan Dawson, Helen Diamond, Marion Glover, Anne Makar, Maxine McNeil, Dorothy Munro, Colleen O'Hara, Frances Woolverton.



FROM THE EASTER EXAM. PAPERS

"Dead-heat" is the fire when it is out.

He rolled his eyes around the room and rested them on the mantelpiece.

He swept his eyes up the gravel path.

He stirred his tea with a sigh.

Definition of "Drawing." Drawing is just thinking, and then marking around the think with a pencil.

The health class gives us these:

What to do in the morning—Get out of bed. Open the window, and throw your chest out. Hiccoughs are messages from departed spirits.



WIT AND HUMOR

Editor:
BILL BROOKES AVEY

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Mike: "The Lincoln highway has signs all along warning petters."

Ike: "What do the signs say?"

Mike: "Beware of soft shoulders."



"My advice to you, Colonel is to go through the movements of driving without using the ball," said the golf instructor.

"My dear fellow," answered the Colonel, "that's precisely the trouble I'm wanting to overcome."

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The commercial traveler walked into the office one morning to be greeted by the cashier with the news that the boss was insisting that expenses should be cut down.

"What!" cried the traveler. "Me cut down expenses? You can go and tell the boss from me that he can go and fry his feet, and as for you, you can go to Timbuctoo for all I care."

This conversation was repeated word for word to the boss, who grew almost apoplectic with anger.

"Send that young puppy to me and I'll sack him. Just a minute—fetch me his record. How long has he been here?"

"Six months."

"H'm. Time enough to learn respect for his betters. What business did he bring the first month?"

"1,500, sir."

"Beginner's luck. And the second month?"

"36,000, sir."

"And last month?" "100,000, sir."

"Oh did he? Well, Mr. Cashier, I'm going to start frying my feet. You can do as you like."



A vacuum cleaner is a broom with a stomach in it.

—The Annual.

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Jeff: "Why is it you never hear of a darky committing suicide?"

"Well, Mr. Dallas, I reckon it's dis yere way: A white man gets himself into a passel of trouble an' he sets down an' thinks an' thinks about it until his trouble seems so big he shoots hisself. A nigger man gets into trouble an' he sets down an' he thinks an' he thinks an' after a w'ile he goes to sleep."

—Irvin S. Cobb

He was an ordinary sort of a chap, and it embarrassed him to think that all these people would rise to attention the moment he approached. He was sensitive, and he really disliked all this fuss on his account—especially as he knew that the move was not really popular, and that only a sense of duty impelled his fellow citizens to stand when his arrival was signalled. He wished it was possible to avoid it all but it was always the same—whenever he entered a cinema it seemed that the only available seats were right in the middle of the row.

One day Helen Bried came to school late.

"What is your excuse?" asked the teacher.

"Well, Sir, I squeezed the tube of tooth paste too hard, and it took me a gcod hour to put it back again."

—The Tatler.

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First Actor: "I think I'll go to Hot Springs, Virginia, for my health."

Second Actor: "Well, Virginia has cured a lot of hams, you know!"

—The Twig.

—◆—
Fair Patient: "What are my chances of recovering, doctor?"

Doc.: "One hundred percent. Medical records show that nine out of ten with the disease you have, die. Yours is the tenth case I've treated. All the others died—you're bound to get well. Statistics are statistics."

—Sarnia.

—◆—
Richard had learned the story of Columbus at school, and with great gusto was telling it to his mother. "An' his ships were the Nina, the Pinto—and—and—"

"The Santa Maria," prompted his mother.

"Aw," said Dickey. "You've heard the story before."

—◆—
Murray Hall: "I want to die with my shoes on."

Pete Thomas: "How come?"

M.H.: "So I won't hurt my feet when I kick the bucket."

—The Tatler.

4X

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He knew that he was not like other men. And it worried him. For the masculine complex is different; boys seem to want to conform to the usual. But one morning he came to school jubilant. Now he could look his fellow students in the eye. It had happened. He had cut himself shaving.

Yvonne Doherty: "What a lot of freckles you have Maurice."

Maurice Snell: "They ain't freckles. That's my iron constitution going rusty."



DAD - Was Right !

When the choice of a Business College came up, Dad said, "Of course, you'll go to Garbutt Business College." But I wasn't sure. I wanted the best, of course, so I made my own investigations.

DAD SAID Garbutt College was an old established school with high standards; mother said lots of my friends would be there.

And I found out from a conference there, the unbelievable success of hundreds of its graduates. I found out that nothing is "skimmed over," but that every subject is completely and thoroughly taught by highly-trained instructors. That convinced me Dad was right.

WON'T YOU COME IN FOR A CONFERENCE ?

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One day Mrs. Jones was in the wash-house washing, when she heard a noise in the kitchen. She came running in and saw that Johnny had the mantelpiece clock in pieces on the floor.

"What are you doing?" asked his mother.

"Just killing time," replied Johnny casually.

Little Mary was visiting her grandmother in the country. Walking in the garden, she saw a peacock, a bird she had never seen before. After gazing in silent admiration, she ran quickly into the house, and cried out:—

"Oh, granny, come and look! One of your chickens is in bloom!"

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"If It's New—We Have It"

Said the baked potato to the spoon: "I've got you under my skin."
—Lower Canada College Magazine.

Comp. Teacher: "They say Webster spoke perfect English."
Annand: "Well, I could too if I wrote my own dictionary."
—The Tatler.

Bill Brackenbury (at shoemaker's shop): "What do you repair shoes with?"

"Hide," said the cobbler.

Bill: "Huh?"

"I said, hide."

Bill: "What for?"

"Hide! the cow's outside."

Bill: "Huh, who's afraid of a cow?"

—The Tatler.

Constable (to speeding foreigner): "'Ere, you mustn't go rushing abaht like that. What's yer name?"

Speeding Foreigner: "Je ne comprends pas."

Constable: "Ow d'yer spell it?"

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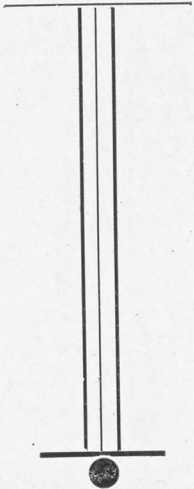
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A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said—

"When I first discovered that if I was quick, I was fast; that if I was tied, I was fast; if I spent too freely, I was fast; and that not to eat was to fast. I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, 'The first one won a one-dollar prize,' I gave up trying."



The farmer had given an old Irishman permission to sleep in his barn, and at night found him lying on a heap of straw with a drainpipe for a pillow. "Don't you find that pipe hard?" asked the farmer.

"No, yer honor," said Pat. "I've filled it with straw."

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The horse and cow live thirty years. They never touch light wines or beers. Sheep and goats are dead at twenty. They drink no liquor—water plenty. At ten the cat has lost nine lives. On milk and water no man thrives. At five the birds are mostly dead. They look not on the wine that's red. Bugs, few days remain on earth. They do not know the cocktail's worth. But awful, wicked, rum-soaked men live on for three-score years and ten.



"What did you do in the circus?"

"Well, you know the elephants—"

"Oh, so you trained them."

"Gosh, no! If I'd been able to train them, I wouldn't have had to do so much sweeping out."

The New Year

A flower unblown; a book unread;
 A tree with fruit unharvested;
 A path untrod; a house whose rooms
 Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
 A landscape whose wide border lies
 In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
 A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
 A casket with its gifts concealed:—
 This is the Year that for you waits
 Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

—Horatio Nelson Powers.

ESSAY ON GEESE

"A goose is a low, heavy-set bird, which is mostly meat and feathers. His head sits on one side, and he sits on the other. He ain't got no foot between his toes, and he's got a balloon on his stomach to keep him from sinking. Some geese when they gits big curls on their tails is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch, but just loaf and eat, and go swimming. If I was a goose, I'd rather be a gander."

The insomnaic appeared in the doctor's office.

"Hello, doc," he greeted. "Remember me? I'm the fellow who can't sleep nights. You recommended I count sheep as they jumped over a fence."

"Oh, yes," nodded the medico. "I remember very well now. Has my suggestion helped you get some sleep?"

The patient shrugged.

"No," he admitted. "But I'll tell you something, doc. I'm having lots of fun."

The doctor arched an eyebrow.

"Fun?" he repeated.

The patient nodded brightly.

"Loads of fun," he chirped brightly. "In back of the fence, I've got a deep puddle of mud!" . . .

Some people may get up bright and early; others, well, they just get up early.

The screwball ankled into the department store. He removed his hat.

"Let me see a lady's hat," he requested. "Size 8, if you please. And you know the type I want—one of those with the big feather sticking out."

The salesman was extremely puzzled.

"Size 8?" he echoed. "You mean, you want a man's hat?"

The customer shook his head.

"No," he explained happily. "I wanna laugh!"—

He: "This gun will shoot six times."

She: "But I have only one husband."

Love is like poker—some of the hands you hold cost you plenty.



Times are picking up. We saw a guy in the breadline with an electric toaster under his arm.



Pompous self-made man (visiting former employer): "You don't remember me, eh? Well, twenty years ago I was an office boy here, and you sent me out with a message, and—"

Former employer: "Yes, yes! Where's the answer?"

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Uncle: "So you finished bottom of the class at spelling to-day?"

Nephew: "Yes, I put too many z's in 'scissors'."



A rolling pin is a woman's crowning glory.



Miss Leonor: "I rode horseback at the mountain resort to reduce and they told me I rode as if I were a part of the horse."

Miss Katty: "Yes, dearie, but did they say which part of the horse?"



According to Oscar, our sterling janitor, who has just returned from a trailer vacation, this guy De Tour is America's lousiest road builder.

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As the wake was dispersing Pat touched the dead man's forehead to say goodbye.

"Why, be the holy saints, he feels warm!" whispered Pat.

"Warm or cold," said the widow, who had heard the remark, "he goes out of here in the marnin'!"



Judge (to dentist about to pull his tooth): "Do you swear to pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?"



The cause of most automobile accidents is the driver who fills his own tank first.



"Darling, I won a medal at the cookery school."

"Wonderful! But tell me, what is this I am eating?"

"Guess."

"Your diploma."



"So your wife is the most unreasonable woman in the world?"

"Well, last spring I mortgaged the house to buy her a new car, and now she wants me to mortgage the car to buy her a fur coat."

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"Naw, I'm moving."

"Why, what's come over you?"

"An opera singer."



Customer: "I don't want those crackers. Someone told me that the rats ran over them."

Grocer: "That isn't true, because the cat sleeps in the box every night."

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Two attorneys, one decidedly glum of countenance, met on the street.

"Well, how's business?" asked the more cheerful of the two.

"Rotten," replied the depressed one. "I just chased an ambulance twelve miles, and found a lawyer in it."



Lois Maclean: "While I was on a cruise in Europe, I saw a bed 20 feet long and 10 feet wide."

Prudence Bamlett: "Sounds like a lot of bunk to me."

FRANK A. HALLIDAY

PHOTOGRAPHER



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"It says the man was shot by his wife at close range."
"Then there must have been powder marks on the body."
"Yes, that's why she shot him."



Irwin: "Do you know that stuff you're drinking is slow poison?"
Annand: "Thass' all right. I'm in no hurry."



A hobby is something you get goofy over to keep from going nuts.



Tempest: "Doctor, I snore so loudly I wake myself up."
Doctor: "That's easy to overcome. Sleep in the next room."



Even a good auto is better if it has a miss in it.



About the time a girl loses her faith in Santa Claus, she begins to believe in love.

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Husband: "The potatoes are only half cooked."
Bride: "Then eat the half that is cooked."

She: "Jim makes such wet remarks."
He: "What do you mean?"
She: "He stutters."

"Do you know how to dance the rhumba?"
"Sure. I take five stiff highballs and then try to waltz."

Once a girl's heart is broken, she spends the rest of her life distributing the pieces.

Dutton: "Dad says will you lend him your garden tools?"
Polite Old Gentleman: "Haven't you forgotten something, my boy?"
Dutton: "Oh, yes; he said: 'If the old blighter refuses, try next door'."

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"I let you and nine other girls in on my secret."

"Ten, all told."

"Yeh, ten all told."



Jim: "My room mate fell down the stairway last night with two pints of whiskey."

Tim: "Did he spill any?"

Jim: "No, he kept his mouth closed."



Farmer's Wife (to druggist): "Now, be sure and write plain on them bottles which is for the horse and which is for my husband. I don't want nothin' to happen to that horse before the spring plowin'."



"Dear Teacher," wrote an indignant mother: "You must not whack my Tommy, he is a delicate child and he isn't used to it. At home, we never hit him except in self-defense."



The reason a man prefers an unknissed girl is that she won't have a standard of comparison.



"I bought this fountain pen for my wife," he explained.

"A surprise, eh? beamed the shop assistant.

"Rather! She's expecting a new coat."



Stew Barker: "Waiter, take this egg!"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. What shall I do with it, sir?"

Stew: "Wring it's neck."



Angus: "Maggie, here's a wee ticket for to-night's conjuring show, and when he comes to that part where he takes a teaspoonful o' flour and one egg and makes 20 omelettes, watch verra, verra close."



Mr.: "The bank has returned my check."

Mrs.: "Oh, isn't that wonderful? What shall we buy with it this time?"



Hired One: "I'm the chap you paid to drown your cat; and I'm sorry, sir, but the cheque you gave me came back."

Home Owner: "Well, but my fellow, so did the cat."



Husband: "I've insured my life for \$15,000, so that if anything happens to me, you will be provided for."

Wife: "How nice and thoughtful. Now you won't have to see a doctor every time you feel sick, will you?"

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Jones leaned over the garden fence and beckoned to his neighbour. "I say, old man," he said, "I understand that you have Brown's rake?" The neighbour nodded.

"Good," said Jones. "If you'll let me borrow it occasionally, I'll let you use his roller whenever you want it."

Minister in Africa: "And you say you know nothing of religion?"

Cannibal (it might even be Bob Stearne): "Well, we all had a good taste of it when the last missionary came."

"Rufus, did you go to your lodge meeting last night?"

"Nah suh. We dun have to pos'-pone it."

"How is that?"

"De grand all-powerful invincible most supreme unconquerable potentate dun got beat up by his wife."

"Wherever have you been?"

"Arguing with my dentist."

"Well, did you win?"

"No, it ended in a draw."

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"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors ashore," mused the old cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."



There's no place like home—once in a while.



Dear Darling:—"Is it true that the manufacture of limburger cheese is one of the stable industries of Germany?"—O Phew.
"I don't know, but it certainly smells like it."



When a Scotsman gets into a fight, you may be sure that it's a free-for-all.



Art Follet's idea of a waste of effort is to tell a hair-raising story to a bald-headed guy.



"Have you heard where Jane learned to kiss?"
"Yes, it's on everybody's lips."

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LINGUS LATINA EST

Latin is a language as dead as dead can be.
It killed the ancient Romans and now it's killing me.
All are dead who wrote it,
All are dead who spoke it,
All are dead who learned it;
Lucky dead—they earned it!



The butcher had been constantly annoyed by a boy whistling outside his shop. At last he could stand it no longer. Going outside, he said to the youngster: "What are you making all that noise for, you young scamp?"

"I've lost my dog," answered the boy.

"Well, do you think I've got him?" shouted the butcher.

"I don't know," grinned the lad; "but every time I whistle, those sausages wriggle."



Abe Tucker: "The conductor on the street car today glowered at me as if I hadn't put in a ticket."

Max Gould: "What did you do?"

Abe: "Glowered back as if I had."

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Lawyer (to colored prisoner): "Well, Sambo, do you want me to defend you? Have you got any money?"

Sambo: "No, suh. I ain't got no money, but I got a 1932 Ford car."

Lawyer: "Well, you can raise money on that. What do they accuse you of?"

Sambo: "Stealing a 1932 Ford car . . ."

—◆—

"I lost all my friends last night."

"How come?"

"I sold my car."

—◆—

"Do you give a guarantee with this hair-restorer?"

"Guarantee, sir? Why we give a comb."

—◆—

McNeil: "What's the idea of talking to yourself?"

Pescod: "I asked the doctor what kind of exercise I should take and he told me to chin myself."

—◆—

Dot Hammond: "I don't enjoy eating."

Don Donson: "Why?"

D. H: "Because it spoils my appetite."

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“Cutie, I sure wish I were in your shoes.”
“So do I—especially when we’re dancing.”

“Keep ‘em alive, boy, keep ‘em alive,” said the old physician to the young doctor, “dead men pay no bills.”

“Is Jackie’s bride a good housekeeper?”
“I don’t think so. When I called this morning she was trying to open an egg with a can-opener.”

Guest (to hotel clerk): “Hey, there are two mice in my room.”

Clerk: “How much did you pay for your room?”

Guest: “Two dollars.”

Clerk: “Well, what do you expect for two dollars—a bull-fight?”

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George Burrell does Algebra.

Let A=Girl.

Let B=Boy.

Let C=Chaperon.

Let D=Bliss.

Then $A+B-C=D$.



Ogden Turner: "I see they are erecting a statue to the man who
invented pneumatic tires."

Norman MacLean: "Wouldn't a bust be more appropriate?"



Jack Denholm: "I wonder why the studio audience stood up when the
radio comic started to tell jokes."

Claire Fletterjohn: "Just respect for old age."



Teacher: "This is the third morning in a row I have found you like
this. What's the idea of sleeping on the job?"

Bob Wilkins: "Well, I don't like to be doing nothing."

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CALGARY

Sheldon Gibson: "The car isn't going too well. The engine seems to be missing."

Shirley Somerville: "That's just like you. You'd leave your head behind if it were loose."

Voice on Telephone: "My son will be unable to come to school today."

Teacher: "I'm sorry. Who's speaking?"

Voice: "My father, sir."

Barry Newport (at Rugby Game): "I really don't want to make insinuations that would spoil a good game, but have you guys seen anything of a fair-sized piece of ear?"

Teacher: "Can you read and write?"

Cam MacDougall: "I can write but I can't read."

Teacher: "Write your name then. What is that you wrote?"

Cam: "I don't know. I told you I can't read."

Three drunks entered a restaurant and sat down.

Waiter: "What can I do for you?"

First Stew: "I want apple pie."

Second Ditto: "I want cherrie pie."

Third Ditto: "Give me pineapple."

Waiter: "Is that all?"

First Nut: "No, I want my pie without vanilla ice cream on it."

Second Half-wit: "Have you chocolate ice cream?"

Waiter: "Yes."

Second Stooge: "O.K., I'll have my pie without chocolate ice cream."

Third Imbiber: "Do you have strawberry ice cream?"

Waiter: "No, I'm sorry. Would you like it without some other kind?"

Third Base: "Cancel the order. If I can't have my pie without strawberry ice cream, then I won't eat it."

Fred Anderson: "How long have you been shaving?"

Allan Ambury: "Two years."

Fred: "G'wan."

Allan: "Yes sir, cut myself both times."

Jack Wodell: "Say, what kind of a guy is Bill Werth?"

Chester Clark: "Oh he's one of those fellows who always grabs the stool when the piano has to be moved."

"How did Brown break his leg?"

"Well, do you see those steps?"

"Yes."

"Well Brown didn't."

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Half a loaf is better than no rest at all.

A young couple were seated in the parlor. They liked to dance. The maid in the kitchen dropped a pan full of dishes with a terrible crash. "Shall we dance?" asked the man politely.

Dear Ed.: Whenever I am in a crowd, I become self-conscious and get an impediment in my speech. Can you tell me how I can stop stuttering.

—John Windsor.

Sure, keep your mouth shut.

Teacher (about to strap Ross Creighton): "Have you ever seen any-one severely thrashed, young man?"

Ross Creighton: "Yes, sir. My last school teacher, when Dad found out he had strapped me."

"What's new in Hollywood?"

"About half the husbands."

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“SUCCESS TO THE ANALECTA.”

—Central Girls' Hi-Y.

Foreman: “Why are you leaving?”

Riveter: “Oh, I don't mind hammering rivets all day long, but the next man to me hums incessantly.”

CHEMICAL CANTOS

Johnny, feeling like a bore, drank some H_2SO_4 .

So his father, a M.D., gave him some CaCO_3 .

Johnny's neutralized, it's true, but he's full of CO_2 .

Tommy, eager to explore, found some CuSO_4 ,

“Nice rock candy,” Tommy cried, as he jammed a lump inside.

Doctor pumped him out, it's true, but Tommy still feels rather blue.

S. Barker: “I've been working for two years collecting this library.”

Dot Stuart: “Goodness, what a lot of friends you must have.”

In the old days you would have a party and talk about it for a week.
Now you have a party and are talked about for a month.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THEY HAVE MADE THIS YEAR BOOK
POSSIBLE.

NUTABLE NOTES

Thimbles are still put in Christmas Puddings and Birthday Cakes. We can imagine the puzzled expression on the faces of the young girls who wonder what the queer little gadgets are for.

It is claimed that small boys must be watched at parties. Mary Sherman complains that when the lights went out at a party recently, an interfering wretch set to work and got them going again.

Dancing teachers say there is a deterioration in Canadian manners. It seems we don't bow when asking, "Is the next crawl mine, baby."

Ad. by a Scotchman in paper:
"Lost a five dollar bill. Sentimental value."

Norway has less drunkenness than any other country. For Norse is Norse and souse is souse and never the twain shall meet.

A speech should be short enough to be interesting and long enough to cover the subject—like a woman's dress.

The best way to keep milk from going sour is to keep it in the cow.
Seen in a Cafe—

If you think our pie is crusty you ought to see our cook.

A local pessimist declares he expects Alberta to have good roads when everybody else is travelling in aeroplanes.

Daniel, upon finding himself in the lions' den, observed;
"At least there will be no after-dinner speaking."

A man bought goods from a Jew, sold them to a Scotchman and made money. That shows anything is possible.

I have just been to my doctor about my heart. I am very much encouraged. He says it will last as long as I live.



An eastern charm school teaches graceful movements by having students walk with books balanced on their head. Elva Clark did this with "Gone with the Wind" and it left her bowlegged.



"Who do the mermaids flirt with?"
Noel Langham: "The swells of the ocean, I imagine."



A blind man and a legless cripple were discussing business and the weather, when a young woman came by and dropped a coin in each of their cups. After she had passed on, the blind man turned to the other unfortunate and said:

"That dame was knock-kneed, wasn't she?"

"Yeh," replied the cripple, "she was. But say, how did you know—I thought you were blind?"

"I am," grinned the blind man, "but I'm not deaf!"

Wife: "Darling, when you and I kept company, my mother used to have something green with every meal."

Hubby: "Yeah, me."

Bill Stuart: "You're not living at the same boarding house any more, are you?"

Ken Head: "No, I stayed five weeks, and then found they had no bathtub."

On getting rid of a husband, if at first you don't succeed, try, try, try a gun.

"I once knew a man who killed his wife with a golf club."

"Yeah? In how many strokes?"

Many a fellow has started a puppy love affair, only to wind up a few months later tied down in the dog house.

Waiter: "Did you call, sir?"

Guest: "No, that was the fly buzzing in my soup."

A gold-digger's past is made up of men's presents.

Dentist (to patient): "I told you not to swallow. That's my last pair of pliers."

Every year college deans pop the question to their undergraduates: "Why did you come to college?"

Traditionally the answers match the question in triteness. But last year, one co-ed unexpectedly confided: "I came to be went with—but I ain't yet!"

Cute Cutie: "Dear old Jerry ordered dinner for two when I visited his penthouse last night."

Catty Cutie: "Why didn't he order something for himself?"

B. Baker: "Tell me, why do you call this lovely car a crate?"

B. Topley: "Because I often pack it full of peaches."

"Mr. Judy, your daughter has promised to be my wife."

"I'm sorry, young fellow, but it was your own fault. What else did you expect if you kept hanging around so much?"

Counting sheep in order to fall asleep is just pulling the wool over your eyes.

—◆—
 "Yeah! Well, get this. I still have the first dollar I ever made."
 "Humph! Woman hater!"

—◆—
 First Young Hubby: "Gosh, what a bump I've got on the head! My wife and I had our first argument, and she socked me on the head with a pie pan."

Second: "Say, how could she do that much damage with a pie pan?"
 First: "She had one of her pies in it."

—◆—
 John Windsor: "I presume you know that kisses are the language of love."

Peppy Pretty: "Gosh, if that's the case, you must just be learning to talk!"

—◆—
 He: "I've a little surprise in store for you."
 She: "Well, I'd rather see it on my finger."

—◆—
 Boob: "I can see you are a man of convictions."
 Mugg: "You bet I am. I've served 'em in three different prisons."

—◆—
 "What makes you look so old?"
 "Trying to keep young."
 "Trying to keep young?"
 "Yeah, nine of them."

—◆—
 That superstition about three on a match being bad luck, started with the first groom who got a wife and a father and a mother-in-law.

—◆—
 Golfer: "Confound it all, caddy, haven't you found that ball yet? It came right down the fairway."

George Taylor: "That's the trouble, mister. The fellows told me that when I caddied for you I'd only need to watch the rough."

—◆—
 Two rash students in law class engaged in a heated argument:
 Law Student No. 1: "You're the dumbest person I ever saw."
 Absent-minded Prof.: "Gentlemen, you forget that I am in the room."
 Thereupon the students were subdued without a ripple.

—◆—
 "The man who marries my daughter will need a lot of money."
 "I'm just the man for her, then."

Accused (just acquitted, to counsel): "Thanks, awfully, old man. What on earth should I have done without you?"
Counsel: "Oh, about five years."

Dutton: "What do you mean, young fellow, by telling it about town that my 'head was made of solid ivory'?"

Don: "I'm sorry, old chap, but I never used such language. I merely said that you carried more osseous matter above your shoulders than any other man I ever met."

Dutton: "Well, now, that's different."

"Sure, I was out with an open-faced girl last night."

"Oh, you mean she had an innocent expression?"

"No, I mean she didn't stop talking for a minute."

"Are you going to take this lying down?" boomed the candidate.

"Of course not," said a voice from the rear of the hall. "The Short-hand reporters are doing that."

"I suppose Gert's boy friend doesn't speak to her since he won the \$10,000 air race."

"No, he's still peeved because she wouldn't lend him \$50 of it."

Patron: "The last time I had grapefruit in this restaurant, it was terrible."

Waiter: "Say, wait'll you get an eyeful of our new grapefruit."

"Is your dad an early riser, too?"

"Is my dad an early riser? Why, he gets up so early that if he went to bed a little later he'd meet himself getting up in the morning."

The Gal: "Why not come up to my apartment and have a bite before you go home?"

The Guy: "Naw, hon, just let me have it down here in the hallway."

"Offhand, do you like diamonds?"

"No, on the hand."

Joe: "Hey, how did you fellows enjoy the history lecture this morning?"

Chum: "Not so good; we never can sleep so well the first day in a strange room."

Patron: "Are you sure this egg is fresh?"

Waiter: "I don't know sir, I only laid the tablecloth."

—◆—
If kissing is a lost art, perhaps that's the reason for so many collectors.

—◆—
"What did the officer do when he found a whole quart concealed in your hip pocket?"

"He took the address of my tailor."

—◆—
"So your wife proved your downfall?"

"Yeah, to the judge."

—◆—
The young Scotch graduate complained that his sheepskin didn't have enough meat on it.

—◆—
"Mother, are you the nearest relative I've got?"

"Yes, dear, and your father is the closest."

—◆—
Jean McK.: "Janice's hair is turning grey with worry."

Dot C.: "Worry over what?"

Jean McK.: "Whether to be a blonde or a red-head."

—◆—
Daughter: "Mrs. Smithers had me over to her house to give me some pointers on bridge this afternoon."

Mother: "Did you learn anything?"

Daughter: "Yes, the Joneses are planning a divorce, the Biffingtons just got two new cases of Scotch, and the Browns are soon going to have another mouth to feed."

—◆—
Don Macqueen: "Hey, sweet stuff, would you like to feel my muscles?"

Stoopette: "Certainly, handsome. Put your arms around me."

—◆—
One Siamese Twin to Another: "You must have had a swell time last night. I feel like a wreck today."

—◆—
D. Donson: "Feel those muscles toots; I'm a man of steel."

Dot H.: "Well, I'm a woman as hard as flint."

D.D.: "Good. Let's spark."

—◆—
Lend a neighbor a garden rake and he'll come back for mower.

—◆—
The little girl returned home from school and said to her mother: "Oh, we had a lovely lesson all about some people named Adam and Eve, and they lived ever so happily in the Garden of Eden until the servant arrived."

Conceited Movie Actor: "People will gaze at my next picture with open mouths."

Girl: "Yes, it's pretty hard, I suppose, for them to yawn with their mouths closed."

Just because a guy says he'll call you up it doesn't say that he will give you a ring.

"Last winter your boy friend was Jack; in the spring it was Larry. What does that make me?"

"The fall guy naturally."

Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it; you are only saying it to make me jealous."

Big Sister's Beau: "As a Boy Scout, do you believe in doing your daily good turn?"

Johnny: "Sure, I do."

Big Sister's Beau: "Well, the next time I kiss your sister, you turn around and face the wall."

McKinnon: "How many make a dozen?"

Swann: "Twelve."

Mac: "How many make a million?"

Swann: "Very few."

Ed: "While we're sitting in the moonlight, I'd like to ask you—"

Co-Ed: "Yes, darling?"

Ed: "If we couldn't move over. I'm sitting on a nail."

Husbands will tell you that the sea of matrimony is darned expensive with all those permanent waves.

Neil Carr: "Whatya doing?"

Bill B-A.: "Writing a joke."

Neil: "Tell her 'Hello' for me."

The chief difference between a bachelor and a married man is that one is cagey, and the other caged.



Almonds...

were first known in Southwestern Asia

THE origin of the almond is a matter of conjecture, so long has it been known. It is supposed to be a native of Southwestern Asia and the Mediterranean region. There are two types, the bitter and sweet. The bitter almond appears to be the original, the sweet may have been an accidental variety. Today the latter is grown extensively in Southern Europe and in California. The almond was known

in England in the 11th century as the "Eastern Nutte-Beam." It is used to some extent in medicinal and other preparations, but the nuts are chiefly used for eating. There are hard shell, soft shell and some specially thin-shelled varieties known as paper shells. The long almonds of Malaya, known as Jordan almonds and the broad almonds of Valencia are the most valued.

Neilson's use only the finest selected almonds in their confections. For example, the Burnt Almond Bar—the aristocrat of all Chocolate Bars—contains the choicest of freshly roasted almonds and rich, delicious French style chocolate. You'll enjoy it—any time.



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L'ENVOI

And so our work is finished. We give to you, the students of C.C.I., who charged us with the task, your 1938 Analecta. Take it as it is, imperfect; criticize, that next year's staff may progress by our mistakes, but love it for what it stands for—a year's study, a year's advancement, a year of life; our work will then be truly finished.

The success of the Analecta is contingent on advertisements and co-operation. To our advertisers who have made this book possible, we extend our thanks and urge all students to patronize them. To the teachers, the students, the photo engraver, the printer, and to all others who have co-operated with us—we thank you for your aid. The teachers were always ready to aid with any advice they could give; the students helped with material for the literary section, cover designs and subscriptions; while the photo engraver and the printer gave us many constructive ideas on page designs. We are also much indebted to the Weeper for the valuable publicity which we have received.

To the Analecta staff of next year, may we offer our congratulations and best wishes in the task that lies ahead of you.

NEIL CARR,
Editor-in-Chief.



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